* JOHN BULL, JANUARY 11, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1804

AIR RAIDS! £3,100 CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK!

THE GANGSTERS ARE AT BAY By A.F.F.

TWO MEN BEAT THE ATLANTIC

GREAT WASHING NEWS FOR HOUSEWIVES!

TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL

Tested and proved best these 3 ways:

1 GOES TWICE AS FAR!

Triple Test Oxydol is far more economical than ordinary soaps—does up to twice as much washing for every penny spent.

2 MORE SUDS PER SPOONFUL

Triple Test Oxydol dissolves instantly—and actually gives up to 3 times more lather than ordinary soaps.

3 WHITES WHITER... COLOUREDS BRIGHTER!

Triple Test Oxydol washes white clothes 4-5 shades whiter... keeps coloured clothes bright as new wash after wash!

TRIPLE TEST

OXYDOL

A BRIGHTER WASH—FOR HALF THE COST!

You can buy Oxydol everywhere: 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

NOTE! Because Triple Test Oxydol is pressure condensed, it takes up less room and can be put in a smaller packet. This saves valuable cardboard and makes a fine contribution to national economy! And remember, you actually get more washing value in a packet of Triple Test Oxydol than in many other packets twice the size.

TALK ABOUT SAVING MONEY! WHY, TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY SOAPS AND SAVES NO END OF MONEY!
OXYDOL
JUST LOOK! TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL GIVES ME THREE TIMES MORE LATHER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS. OXYDOL LATHER IS FAR EASIER ON THE HANDS TOO!
I NEVER REALISED HOW DAZZLING WHITE THE WASH COULD BE UNTIL I TRIED TRIPLE TEST OXYDOL. AND HOW THE COLOUREDS SPARKLE!

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

SO GOOD!

SO GOOD FOR YOU

– and actually down in price!

WHY FIVE STARS?

1 **EXTRA FOOD VALUE**
Bournville Cocoa is rich in body-building proteins, natural cocoa butter and carbohydrates to give you energy. So remember, a cup of Bournville — the 5-Star Cocoa — is a cup of food.

2 **IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER**
The rich iron content of Bournville Cocoa tones up the corpuscles in your bloodstream, makes you feel stronger.

3 **PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH**
Bournville Cocoa is rich in the various phosphates and calcium. These build up bone and muscle, strengthen teeth.

4 **AID TO DIGESTION**
Bournville Cocoa is particularly digestible, helps digestion of other foods, and so makes every meal go further.

5 **VITAMINS — VITAL TO HEALTH**
Remember that every tin of Bournville Cocoa retains the natural *sunshine Vitamin D,* specially necessary for *kiddies' healthy teeth and straight, strong bones.*

IT'S amazing, but it's true, that one food is actually *down* in price! It's Cadbury's famous Bournville Cocoa — always a favourite standby in every kitchen cupboard, and now a big new help to proper feeding at an economical cost. Down in price to 5d per quarter-pound, and a natural food in itself. But suppose you make it with milk — a cup of Bournville Cocoa gives you the nourishment of two whole fresh eggs and costs you less than a quarter as much. Bournville makes meals go further!

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR **COCOA**

QUALITY UNALTERED

COSTS LESS THAN PRE-WAR

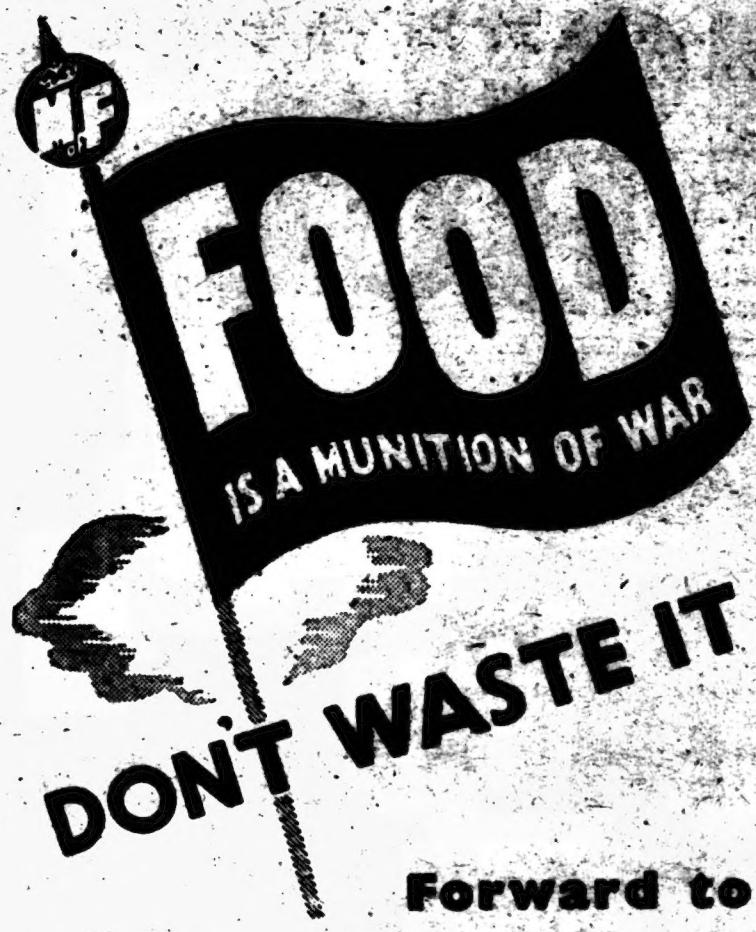
2½D STOPS COLDS AND CHILLS

Also relieves
RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA
LUMBAGO
HEADACHE
TOOTHACHE
'FLU PAIN

Here is the finest possible relief at a price within the reach of all. **Beechams Powders** are **QUICKER ACTING** and **MORE CERTAIN** in results because of their special powder form. Pleasant to take. Priceless in results. They also soothe shaky nerves, banish sleeplessness and act as a speedy tonic.

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/5. Single Powders 2½d. each
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS Brand **POWDERS** ACT LIKE MAGIC



Forward to victory under this Flag

Under this emblem of the Ministry of Food, a great battle is being fought. A battle in which you and your family, too, are called to take up arms. For food is as important a munition as planes or guns. By care in the choice and use of food you help to push forward to victory.

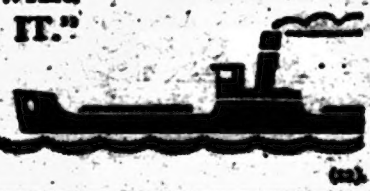
Buy for food and health values

Try to choose one food every day from each of the Food Groups — Body Building, Energy, and Protective. If you do this, you make certain that you and your family are getting the important foods needed for health and nourishment.

Buy for value for money, too!

Just because the Ministry of Food has, for your protection, controlled prices of various foods, don't leave it all to the Ministry! Buy shrewdly. Never pay more than you know to be a fair price for anything. And stick loyally to the rationing regulations. Plan your meals for two or three days together. It saves time and money.

But above all, remember — whenever you are shopping, cooking or eating — "FOOD IS A MUNITION OF WAR. DON'T WASTE IT."



Issued by The Ministry of Food (22)

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 11, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

WHO WANTED WAR?

● **In April, 1939, President Roosevelt addressed a personal letter to Hitler in which he made the following points:—**

"You have repeatedly asserted that you and the German people have no desire for war. If this is true there need be no war. . . .

"It is still clear to me that international problems can be solved at the Council Table. . . .

"Heads of great Governments are literally responsible for the fate of humanity in the coming years."

President Roosevelt gave a detailed proposal for a 10-year peace plan during which nations could discuss all problems free from the shadow of impending war.

He offered to act as intermediary and to obtain assurances of non-aggression from thirty independent nations if Hitler would give reciprocal guarantees.

"I hope," he wrote in conclusion, "that your answer will make it possible for humanity to lose fear and regain security for many years to come."

HITLER SENT NO ANSWER!

Straight from the Shoulder

NIGHT RAIDERS MYSTERY

HOW is the fight against night raiders progressing?

The public has a right to know.

Sheffield's chief constable claims that ten raiders were brought down in two attacks on that city.

It is said that seven were destroyed in a single night at Liverpool.

Sealed Lips

The Air Ministry is silent. Perhaps because both claims are founded on a misapprehension.

But we remember that it kept silence for many weeks after Hitler's autumn attempts at invasion had been smashed.

And we have other reasons for saying that the Government is too fond of hush-hush mystery.

Jar for Nightbirds

Our fighter pilots believe they are doing fairly well against Goering's nightjars.

Sir Hugh Dowding, their chief, tells Ottawa that soon most of the sting will be taken from night attacks.

Now, why did he wait until reaching Canada to give that significant hint?

Is it thought that, if we manage to bring down 5 or 10 per cent. of the raiders, the public will be foolish enough to believe the problem completely solved? Or was Sir Hugh talking airily?

Jerry Knows

The public is not foolish enough to want information that might help the enemy.

It does want the news that must be perfectly well known to our enemies.

And it must get it. If the reports of recent successes are unfounded, they should be officially denied to prevent the spread of rumour.

If true, they should be confirmed.

Time for Invasion

The nation realises that night bombing will continue throughout the winter. It knows that the menace of invasion remains acute.

If Hitler is desperate enough to risk the direct assault, the most likely time will be in the middle of next month.

He has a huge army busily rehearsing invasion in France. He has assembled large forces in Norway.

Big-Scale Plans

If he strikes, it will be at many points. By sea at the South Coast, the South-West, Yorkshire and the eastern shores of Scotland.—By air at the countryside near important towns and aerodromes.

Occupation of Eire is likely to be included in his plans.

His losses would be heavy. We have reason to be convinced that he would fail.

But let us recognise that our victory would be no walk-over. We shall need all the power at our disposal to secure it.

Internal Trouble

He will get no aid from France. In Norway his efforts to conscript labour have failed.

There have been riots in Paris; at least one Nazi soldier has actually been lynched by housewives angry at the confiscation of their food.

The Dutch and Czechs are obstructive. In Germany itself, the Freedom Radio asks listeners:

"Can we Germans wonder that the world wants to stick this lunatic into a straitjacket?"

Not Good Enough

Mr. Churchill, in his message to Turkey, hints that we may succeed in strapping the straitjacket before this year is out.

It would not need a miracle to bring about early victory. But it would need far more effort than we are yet showing.

Slackness

Arms production is lagging. Too much "short time." Too many idle plants.

Not always is this the fault of manufacturers or officialdom.

Too many cravens rush for shelter directly the alarm sounds, even though no 'plane is near.

Two thousand Darlington men and women take a day's holiday from the engineering shops. Would they rather endure Nazi slavery than beat out our war weapons?

Playing at War

Army officers take soldiers from training to act as their beaters in pheasant shooting.

Fox-hunters ride rough-shod over crops.

Should Sport be sacred even in war?

Are a few fools to be allowed to play when the nation must work for its very life?

Public Enemies

And what shall we say of the human foxes who defeat war legislation in the interests of their own pockets?

Just this—that they are public enemies.

Such people exist. You'll find them high in the social scale.

Cheating the Quota

If we are to beat the Nazis quickly, we must consume as little as possible so that we can send as much as possible abroad.

For that reason, manufacturers have been given quotas for the home market—quotas which must not be exceeded.

Some are cheating. When they have sold all their quota, they go on producing ostensibly for export.

Then they pawn the excess goods thus produced.

In Pawn

The goods are not moved to "Uncle's" premises. "Uncle" merely looks them over in the warehouse, locks them up, advances the money and pockets the key

Then he sells the pawn-ticket to some trader, who can take the goods whenever he likes.

No quota in the world makes it illegal to sell pawn-tickets. And the trick is spreading like a prairie fire.

Money For Nothing

There are other dodges. One more will suffice by way of illustration.

Firm "A" may make handbags. Its quota is, say, 250,000 handbags a year, with a profit of £10,000.

Firm "B" has high-speed plant and could make bigger profits. So it offers the first firm £25,000 for its quota.

"Firm "A," preferring £25,000 for doing nothing to £10,000 for working, sells its quota.

Up and At 'Em!

If people who defeat war legislation are not traitors, they are not many steps removed.

Though shirkers and muddlers are not actively hoping for Nazi supremacy, they are none the less our enemies.

We shall win, despite them. But it will not be fair to the rest of us if they are allowed to flourish. And it will not make for early victory.

(Continued overleaf)

£3,100 AIR RAID INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY—Underwritten at Lloyd's
FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

FAMILY allowances may be added to war wages after all.

Five shillings each for first and second children, 4s. for the third, 3s. for subsequent children is the suggested scale.

Labour Party and T.U.C., hitherto against the idea, have appointed experts to think twice about it. On their report largely depends the Government's decision.

Turning the Screw

"Tighten your belts," advises Lord Woolton. Poor people have already been forced to do so, finding that some shops will not supply them with scarce foodstuffs unless they are prepared to buy a lot of other goods.

But pity the small shopkeeper, too.

Traders are encouraged not to supply cheese or eggs to unregistered customers.

This helps the multiple shops, who have many rationed customers and can buy bulk supplies. The small shopkeeper round the corner finds himself squeezed out.

How can this damnable, uneconomic injustice be excused?

Buy the Best

New firms of canners have appeared to meet the demand for more tinned goods. Some are filling the cans with rubbish best described as "muck."

Stick to reputable brands—or go without.

Abundance

Actually, there is still too much food on sale. In hotels and restaurants, that is to say.

JOHN BULL investigator, yesterday, found that he could have obtained the following without presenting a single coupon:

Egg and bacon breakfast; soup, meat and sweet lunch; four-course dinner; cooked supper.

Food Ministry has been "considering" the matter a long while. Too, too long. To allow extra food to the rich in war time is a crime against the nation.

Quick Change

Who was behind the "scrap ramp"? JOHN BULL looks to the Ministry of Supply for an answer.

Dealers who bought every bit of scrap iron, following the Government's appeal, found that industry couldn't absorb it.

By December, every yard was crammed to capacity. Prices touched rock-bottom, but there were no buyers.

Suddenly, on December 8, prices rocketed in contradiction of the supply-and-demand law. Now industry has taken the lot, yards are empty. Curious!

Australia Knows How

Obviously, all prices of necessities should be controlled. Government says this is too big a job.

So what happens now is that prices are clamped down only after profiteering has broken out.

Remedy would be a Price Fixing Commission, as in Australia.

When this Civil Service body sees prices rising, it compels wholesalers and traders to produce their books. It has power to inflict any penalty it deems fit, can stop ramps before they get into their stride.

One example will suffice.

Watered Down

When petrol companies began to force up the price from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a gallon, the Commission smashed the plot in two days.

It ordered—on Thursday afternoon—all books to be produced on the following Monday. By Friday night, petrol price slumped from 2s. 6d. to 1s. 11d.

By Saturday night, it had returned to the original 1s. 6d., fell to 1s. 4½d. by Monday!

Keep It Dark

If you go away, be careful what you write in the hotel register.

Enemy agent could learn from some of these registers just where certain regiments are stationed, the position of new arms factories, and so on.

No need for visitors to enter such details; swank seems to be the motive.

The Services should issue a warning to all members; all civilians on war work should warn themselves not to help Adolf.

Fanning the Flames

Not enough to conscript fire-watchers, Mr. Morrison! Some fire-fighting bigwigs need compulsion also.

In one London suburb, A.F.S. engines are so worn that it needs half-an-hour's work to start them.

When fires have been reached, the pumps have refused to work, the men forced to rely on the pressure in the water mains—insufficient to prevent many houses from being burned out.

Unpleasant Story

Another London district is seething with a rumour that deserves Mr. Morrison's attention.

Large, absolutely undamaged parachute fell in a street during a raid. It was handed in at a warden's post, has since disappeared.

Because, the allegation runs, the A.R.P. chief kept it for his own museum.

A very serious allegation, considering that other objects dropped by Jerry have proved of vital interest to our military experts.

Either the rumour should be disproved or that chief warden dismissed. We can rely on Whitehall to investigate.

Waste and Want

Coal is short. But timber is still burned in bombed streets. Too much trouble to distribute it to the poor!

Forty acres of woodland are being burned in Berkshire. A reader reported this waste to the Ministry of Supply last September; the fires were stopped. But no one collected the timber, so the fires were started again.

Again our reader wrote to the Ministry; after a month, an answer told her that the report should have been made to the Timber Control, which now tells her to communicate with the Salvage Department.

Meanwhile, the fires go on.

We'd like to burn the fingers of those responsible.

Shoes or Sweets!

A little singeing of the London County Council's venerable beard wouldn't be amiss.

Undoubtedly it is kind of the Council to pay for boiled sweets as a little treat for evacuated children. It would be kinder to grant shoes and clothing, lack of which is making some youngsters cold and miserable.

Petty Cash Missing

Women helpers at the Council's rest centres earn just over £2 a week—and have to pay their own expenses when travelling on official business.

The money is refunded at the end of the week, of course. But can't officialdom realise the hardship caused to such low-paid workers? Cannot the L.C.C. devise a petty cash system?

Help for Red Cross

Some people are inflicting hardship upon themselves. We admire them, for the cause is good—the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

One bombed-out old-age pensioner has given half-a-crown, all he can spare. Another has given her pension each week for one year.

A schoolboy, aged ten, has sold his most treasured possession, a penknife, and given the resulting 5s. 4d. to the Fund.

Nothing wrong with the folk who have raised £400,000 to relieve the sufferings of others! And you're doing your bit, of course?

Tight Fists

We get many complaints regarding the slowness of electricity and gas companies and the P.O. telephone department in the return of customers' deposits.

Five weeks have elapsed since one reader wrote for the return of his various deposits—totalling in all more than £10. He was moving because of the raids, and moving is an expensive business nowadays.

Not a penny has yet come to hand.

People who expect prompt payment should give it themselves.

Trust the People!

People in some raid shelters are still awaiting their tickets. Reason: shortage of clerks at the town hall to fill in the tickets with descriptions of the holders.

Yet shelterers had to fill in their own application forms for the tickets. Officialdom hasn't the wits to realise that same system could have been followed with the actual tickets, supervised by shelter marshals.

Bombs Invited

Now, this horror of common-sense, if applied to more vital matters, could hamper our war machine—and does.

Factory engaged on essential production was moved to safer area. No attempt was made to camouflage the new white building, set in the midst of allotments extending for half a mile.

So the small-holdings have suffered badly from bombs; produce and poultry have been destroyed. Yet within a mile or so is countryside where a building could easily be hidden.

Behind the News

● **Nazi troop moves are not the only reason for heavy rail cuts in Hungary and Rumania. Rolling stock and locomotives have been handed over to Reichstransport Minister Dorpmueller, who couldn't carry on without them owing to R.A.F. damage.**

● ***R.A.F. blows at Nazi synthetic plants have included destruction of many important factories whose manufactures range from substitute sausages to compressed paper winter clothes.***

● **Nazi commercial trick just exposed is attempt to send overseas German goods marked "made in Spain" or Bulgaria. Swindle was discovered during re-export from these countries, when Nazi agents removed German country of origin marks just prior to shipment.**

● **Despite Gestapo, anti-Nazi groups in occupied countries have succeeded in making contact. Information and suggestions are pooled; efforts to hit the Nazis have been synchronised.**

● ***Another cause of Nazi anxiety is inability to trace channels through which newspapers issued outside Europe by the free Governments of occupied countries arrive so regularly inside the forbidden zones.***

● **Stocks of rubber, tin and oil in Dutch Indies have been shipped to Singapore and Manila for safe custody by Britain and U.S.A. In case Hitler engineers trouble in the Far East, his ally Japan would be short of these huge consignments of war material.**

● **Spanish policy of resistance to Nazi demands for an Axis line-up has embittered the personal relations between the leaders of both countries. Since Himmler's visit to Spain to "remodel" the Spanish police, Franco has also more than doubled his own personal bodyguard.**

● ***After Hitler's diplomatic failures, he has been looking for scapegoats. He has blamed Ribbentrop and Goering for giving him false estimates, the former may be treated as Mussolini treated Badoglio.***

● **Stalin has demanded—and received—his rights to a large proportion of Sweden's high-grade iron ores, which Germany has been trying to reserve for herself. Moscow has refused a Nazi request to release the Soviet supplies even for the coming summer.**

● **Mr. Roosevelt's recent epoch-marking "fireside chat" was the signal for the early launching of novel anti-Nazi measures long prepared by several South American countries where German agents have been particularly active.**

● ***Immediately Nazi-Fascist wave of anger at Mr. Eden's appointment as Foreign Minister reached its height Russia came out with warm approval of the choice. It is understood that Germany protested at Russian "pro-Edenism" without effect.***

Without Fear or Favour
by the EDITOR

ALL for ALL —and that Means YOU

WE suppose you know that the United States is virtually at war.

If the Axis Powers chose to stand on their legalistic rights—though, for these ruthless law-breakers that would be rather like a man trying to jump on his own shadow—we think they might claim that a state of war already exists between them and America.

Many American citizens don't yet realise this, but they will do before the year is out. The purpose of this article is to ask whether *you* realise that *you* are at war with the Nazis, personally and individually?

Men and women in the Services, A.R.P. workers, Home Guards and the shock troops of industry know well enough that **THEY** are at war, but are **YOU** one of these, and, if not, isn't it about time for you to make up your mind, just as the citizens of the United States are doing now, that you can at least give Great Britain "all help short of actual fighting"?

We cannot win this war unless we wage it in the spirit of "one for all, and all for one." The huge majority of us are doing so, but the time has come to *make* the slackers "do their bit" with the rest of us.

And we are thankful that Mr. Morrison has decided to compel those who live in the shameful "neutrality" of greed and sloth at least to serve as fire-watchers when called upon to do so.

JUST as Roosevelt realises that all free peoples must make common cause against the enemies of freedom or perish in a common disaster, so each one of us owes loyalty and service to his fellows.

The recent heavy incendiary raid upon the City of London has lent a tragic emphasis to this essential fact.

Much of the damage that we then sustained could have been averted had there been enough fire-watchers and fire-fighters to cope with the falling bombs before the fires gained hold.

There ought to have been enough, for we have had sixteen months in which to train voluntarily for this vital service. Now thousands who "couldn't be bothered" either to help their neighbours or themselves will have to train and work whether they like it or not.

JOHN BULL takes this opportunity, however, of urging the Government to deal with this and all other national problems upon a truly national basis.

The spirit of "one for all and all for one" must be encouraged not only among ordinary folk, but also in every Ministry, in the Civil Service, and all the way through local government as well.

It is not yet encouraged as it should be. Petty greeds and jealousies, local anxieties and ambitions, and a preposterous system of local finance are still hampering our war effort to a shocking extent.

THERE are fortunate people living in safety areas which may never suffer a severe raid, but the damage done to London and Coventray, Liverpool and Bristol, Sheffield, Manchester, Birmingham and other hard-hit towns is done to them, too, and they should help pay for it.

For we are all members one of another. This is our country, and, no matter where we live, we are part of it.

Local government, as we have hitherto known it, may not survive the war. It certainly will not do so if its intricate finances are permitted to go on hampering the national war effort as they have certainly hampered it hitherto.

Generally speaking, the local authorities are not to blame for the glaring inequalities which exist in the A.R.P. and home defence services.

JOHN BULL maintains that home defence expenditure of every kind ought to be equally distributed among the entire population.

There is no other way to ensure efficiency and equality. We ought to have learned this lesson long before war was declared. We ought to have realised in particular that the burden of unemployment and public assistance could not be fairly carried except by the nation as a whole.

PRIVILEGED districts are as jealous of their privileges as privileged people. Perhaps the vast emergencies of war may at last convince us that all special privilege is wrong and dangerous and anti-social.

It is not a bit of use to blame Cabinet Ministers for irresolution or to sneer at local councils for meanness and short-sighted policy unless we are *personally* setting an example of unselfish public endeavour.

JOHN BULL appeals earnestly to its readers to stop "waiting to be told." We know that the Government has often issued appeals where commands would have been more appropriate, but how far have *you* responded to them?

The Minister of Food threatens to take drastic action against all hoarders. He should take it forthwith, and cease to threaten.

But he can't win the food war without *your* help. You must economise. You must cheerfully forgo imported food and learn to like what we can grow at home.

You must personally resist the temptation to use your money and your opportunity to grab an unfair share of those things which the general public cannot easily buy.

And, if circumstances and time permit, *you* ought to start "digging for victory" at once. Do not quibble about this. Don't pretend that your garden is so small that it is scarcely worth while to grow vegetables.

We are fighting "one for all and all for one," and the man who grows food where no food grew before is helping our seamen to beat the U-boats.

LET us get this into our heads once and for all: If we lose the war we lose everything; not only our money, but also our liberty, our cherished rights, every honest privilege we now enjoy, even the right to grumble in a loud voice.

Do you think that the Glasgow tramwaymen can have thought of this when they voted against "carrying on" during air raid warnings? Of course they didn't!

They were only thinking of their own union and their own rights: we have enough respect for them to believe that they were not thinking solely of their own skins.

But we tell you and them that, so long as the war lasts, no sectional or personal interests can be allowed for a moment to interfere with the urgent needs of the country as a whole.

MR. BEVIN has seen fit to warn the country of certain Communist activities. We should like to see him follow up that warning by vigorous action immediately he has proof that such activities are slowing down output or weakening morale.

We do not attack Communists as such, nor Pacifists as pacifists, but we do attack and denounce every man and woman who dares in this year of destiny to work against his country and his neighbours.

The Government has powers to deal with all these subversive elements. We implore it to use those powers at once "without fear and without favour."

Before the Spring comes we should like to see the end of billeting and air raid shelter scandals. We should like to see all those who have rooms to spare lending them cheerfully to our growing population of refugees or compelled to lend them if the cheerfulness is lacking.

Above all, we should like to see every able-bodied man and woman in the country eager to give whatever help is most needed. We should like the rich and poor, each according to his means and opportunities, to lend what they can, ungrudgingly, to the country.

Meanwhile, we appeal to *you* individually to consider this your personal war from now on.

It really is, you know, for all you have and all you believe in are at stake. You cannot help yourself except by helping your neighbour. You cannot serve your country by proxy. This is *your* fight—"one for all and all for one."

Human Machine

This is What Duty Means

THESE are days in which a great deal is said about Duty. Like all high-sounding words it is a great deal easier to shout about than to define.

We are all clear where the other fellow's duty lies, but where our own lies is another matter!

Is Duty something that applies to everyone? Is it solely an individual matter? Is it merely blind obedience to orders? Is it something that involves the full exercise of our individual powers?

St. Paul had an explanation: "Render," he said, "to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour. Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

Kant, among the greatest philosophers, wrote: "Duty! wondrous thought, that workest neither by fond insinuation nor by flattery, but merely by holding up the naked law in thy soul!"

The poet Goethe stated simply:

"What is your duty? What the day demands."

And Matthew Prior, the old poet and diplomat, added: "Duty contains two words—be humble and be just."

Duty applies to all.

Wherever there is power to be used, there lies responsibility and therefore duty.

So duty means not only thinking truth, but speaking truth and acting truth. It means basing thought and action on a genuine sense of justice.

It means "doing to others as we would they should do to us."

Behind all this there is the implication of constant voluntary effort to discharge whatever debts our conscience tells us we owe either to the individual or the community.

No one can tell us just what these debts are.

We must decide for ourselves.

These individual decisions make up the moral strength of a nation. That is why it is vitally important for each man and woman not only to decide where duty lies, but also to discharge it faithfully.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord REITH, Minister of Works

MY LORD,—I hope the far-reaching plans you have laid before the Cabinet aim at preventing land speculators from reaping a harvest when Britain is rebuilt

A new land racket is developing on a great scale.

Financiers are buying huge blocks, certain that prices will rise after the war and enable them to sell out at fantastic prices.

It happened last time, you know

Again, small houses are bombed. The site is cleared and bought by speculators.

Not to rebuild those cottages. But for blocks of expensive new flats on which the ground landlord will be able to levy higher rents.

Unless the nation is once more to be held to ransom by a handful of money-grubbers, action must be taken quickly.

Either a land values tax must be authorised, or prices controlled on the basis of the present rateable value.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Reith will rebuild Britain

MOST BACKWARD INDUSTRY .·. LOOK TO IT GLASGOW .·. PROBLEM WHISKERS

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P., Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—Why approve another levy on coal without some form of State control of a notoriously backward industry?

It surprises me that a Labour Minister should support the vicious policy of public subsidies to private vested interests.

If coalowners are to have their pockets lined once more by the nation, then the nation has a right to insist that those pockets have no holes.

Reorganisation of the industry is long overdue: here is your opportunity to insist upon it.—JOHN BULL.

Sir P. J. DOLLAN, Lord Provost of Glasgow

MY LORD PROVOST.—Despite the men's decision not to run trams and 'buses during a raid alert, Glasgow's transport must be kept running.

I think you'll get all the volunteers you need. For 3,000 men did not vote, and there is little doubt that the ballot was affected by Communist influence.

I think, too, that your citizens will not allow their war work to be impeded by faint-hearted malcontents.

Nor should they hide their scorn of those who seem anxious to help Hitler to reduce us all to slavery.

They'll back you in any action you take.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—In your whimsical effort to revive the fashion for beards and Dundreary whiskers, you forget that men use shaving-soap and brushes to perpetuate that facial baldness you dislike so much.

Supplies of both are to continue unchecked. But you regard razor-blades as luxuries and are heavily restricting their sale.

Restriction means higher price—a burden on Servicemen. And the coming blade famine will be a burden on the self-respect of every clean-shaven civilian, besides hampering our export trade.

You must have your fun, I know. But is it really funny to arouse national ill-temper just to save one thirty-thousandth of our war steel production?—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF BILLETING OFFICER, Somerset County Council

DEAR SIR,—A London mother and children, evacuated to Somerset, were turned out by their landlady and had to spend the night in a workhouse.

Next day, they walked round the freezing streets till evening, when the billeting officer found them a loft in an old man's house. It was full of rubbish and they could not light a fire.

Eventually they found rooms of their own. But billeting allowance is denied them because they left their official billet, and the woman is so worried for money that she is contemplating suicide.

Such is the distressing account I have received: It seems incredible, but no doubt you will investigate.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Not even air raids can teach some local authorities to co-operate. "Let the other fellow's house burn down so long as mine is untouched" is still their slogan.

Rick on a St. Albans farm caught fire. A.F.S. arrived, found that the rick was twelve yards outside the city area, returned to its depot and notified the Redbourn Brigade.

The rick was completely destroyed; prompt action might have saved 90 per cent of it.

As head fireman of Britain, can't you stop this nonsense?—JOHN BULL.

Major-General EASTWOOD, Director-General, Home Guards

DEAR GENERAL,—More need than ever for the Home Guards to be efficient!

But, despite your reorganisation, one branch of this auxiliary army is still ill-formed and untrained.

I refer to the squads attached to industrial works. Many employers regard these men only as unpaid fire-watchers, and the Guards—savage at lack of equipment and rifle practice—are resigning in large numbers.

Convenient for the Nazis, isn't it?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. R. PYM, M.P., Ministry of Food

DEAR MR. PYM,—Let me give your committee a tip.

Lorry loads of fresh vegetables are being returned from market for use as cattle food or manure.

Housewives are too fond of the tin-opener, it is said. Perhaps. But many of them cannot afford to pay a shilling for a cauliflower.

Popular restaurants use tinned vegetables to save labour.

Limit the supply of tinned goods, control the prices of fresh vegetables, and you'll quickly convert the glut from a curse to a blessing.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN MAUDE, Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Evidently your voice is sharp enough to rouse the heaviest of sleepers.

Recently I told you of a Wigan reader who claimed a widow's pension last January and still awaited a decision. I am glad to hear that, following your instructions, the decision will soon be made.

But that it should take a year to settle whether a miner's widow is entitled to a pension suggests a languid system better suited for a Circumlocution Office staffed by snails.—JOHN BULL.

Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Complaints still pour in from munition workers who are compelled to lose time and wages. Reason—no early morning trains.

Hundreds of men fought the other morning for a single "last 'bus" to take them to an ordnance factory. Most, of course, had to be left behind. It often happens.

Peace time tables have not been altered to war time needs.

Crack down on the laggards!—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER, War Office

DEAR SIR,—Wife of a soldier overseas applied for a grant to meet maternity expenses.

Ten days later she was asked in a two-page letter to send on the baby's birth certificate. Nothing has happened since.

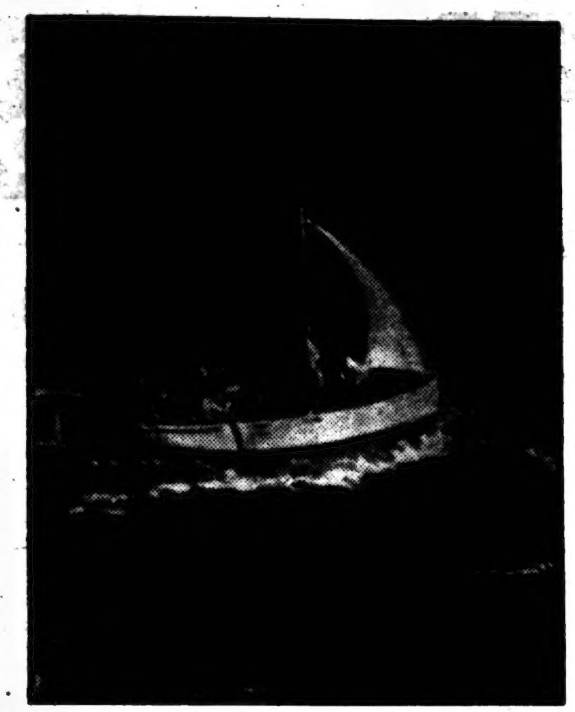
The baby is now four months old. I presume that the maternity grant is being kept as a twenty-first birthday present.—JOHN BULL.

DIRETOR OF ORDNANCE FACTORIES, Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Why, in one of our greatest arms factories, are hundreds of men working only six hours a day? Why are many of them still engaged on non-productive work and many machines still idle?

No doubt there's a season. But it baffles me and perplexes the workers.—JOHN BULL.

Deeds that Will Never Die—2



Victims of a U-boat's piracy, these men sailed hundreds of miles across the Atlantic before being sighted by a British patrol aircraft. They rigged a sail on their ship's boat.

TWO CASTAWAYS BEAT THE ATLANTIC

FRANK STUART, author of "Elephant in Jet," adds another of this war's great deeds to his album of epics by telling the story of the two men who beat not only the Hun, but also the Atlantic in an open boat

FIVE HUNDRED miles south-west of the Azores, bang in the middle of the grey wastes of the North Atlantic Ocean, the slumpy British collier was shouldering her way along under mist-dimmed stars.

Out of the darkness astern came the sudden flash of a gun, and a six-inch shell smashed into the collier amidships.

Before the little vessel could turn another big shell shattered her foredeck.

A German raider had caught her—a sea-wolf without pity, from whom there was no escape.

The *Anglo-Saxon*, already beginning to heel over, spewed men on to her battered decks.

Gunner Penny, tin-hatted, raced to her little stern gun, the only weapon British merchant ships may carry, under obsolete international law that only we trouble to keep.

As he reached the gun, three shells came one after another out of the night, smashed the gun to bits, tore open Penny's side, and opened the stern of the collier like a kicked can.

The ship was going down.

The men began to get into the boats. Penny and the young radio operator, Pilcher, were wounded, but there were five sound men under the command of Chief Officer Denning in the lifeboat that pulled away from the sinking ship.

Shells were still screaming through the night, smashing the settling collier.

No other boat was heard of afterwards.

As the lifeboat glided away the ship behind them settled suddenly by the stern and vanished.

A Hitler victory—thirty-five merchant sailors and an old collier put down the locker by a warship in the dark.

The oars creaked, the black water went sliding past the little boat, minute as a speck of dust on the Atlantic's heaving breast.

When dawn came, after hours of rowing, Mr. Denning took stock of their chances.

They had a compass, but no charts.

They had a certain amount of food and water.

Mr. Denning grimly announced that, by meagre rationing, supplies would last fifteen days.

"We shall have to go easy with the water, my lads," he said. "The wounded men will need most of it."

They heard him in silence.

*

IN peace time, castaways stand some chance of being picked up if they keep to regular steam-lanes.

In war time, ships take other routes—since Hitler's navy prefers fighting merchant ships!

Anyone who has ever crossed the vast Atlantic can imagine what chance a tiny boat has of being sighted, even by a ship chancing to pass near it.

Men in these circumstances talk about home.

Morgan, Widdicombe and Tapscott were South Wales men.

Denning and Pilcher were Londoners.

Hurst came from Newcastle.

Penny from the south.

There was a violent argument about Cardiff City Football Club. They went back to its great days, analysed players in detail, both as players and men, criticised the policy of buying and selling stars.

Presently Mr. Denning changed the subject.

When seven men are fated to live and eat and sleep and suffer in the tiny space of a fifteen-foot lifeboat, there must be no disagreements—no quarrels.

There is not room.

*

LONG before any friction could develop, Mr. Denning, sleepless, watchful, steady, averted the danger.

The two wounded men were a terrible responsibility.

Nothing could be done except the most elementary dressing of their wounds.

They needed more than that—far more.

They got worse.

Dreaded fever made an eighth in that little company.

The two slumped casualties grew flushed, hot, querulous.

They tried to maintain self-control, not to scream for water, not to shout and complain . . . *not to be a nuisance.* But fever, hollow-eyed, pitiless, gave them no rest—stole their sleep, parched their burning throats, glazed their tear-salted eyes.

Mr. Denning soothed them, dressed their wounds, increased as much as he dared their ration of water. It was only a few drops more each day.

Maybe it meant someone else's life later.

Who could tell?

*

HE talked to them ceaselessly, quietly, comfortingly.

Talked of anything—of London, of sport, of old shipmates, officers who had married, cargoes that had taken some handling.

But never of the war—and never of rescue.

Of the past or the future—never of the present.

The little boat went its way over the trackless water.

The nights were sharply cold.

The days were cruelly hot.

The rowlocks creaked.

For hours together there was no sound but the relentless—"CRE-EAK, whir, CRE-EAK, whir. . . ." No sight but the inverted bowl of the sky, and the crawling immensity of the sea, unbroken by any single object.

No smell or taste but salt.

No feeling but the ache of an empty belly, the stab of dragged shoulders, the burn of blisters on hands that had cramped like claws around the handles of the oars.

Sometimes they slept at their oars, pulling mechanically in their dreadful dozing.

Their faces covered with beards as if the hair were creeping fungus.

Lips and eyelids encrusted slowly with salt.

Out of matted hair, their famished eyes glittered, staring round for a ship . . . a ship. . .

Mr. Denning, unkempt, heavy-eyed, kept a log, abrupt, dry, heroic.

On the tenth day Pilcher died of his wounds, and was buried overside. Mr. Denning said what he could remember of the funeral service.

More days passed. The men rowed in a coma. Provisions were almost done.

The last drops of the water-ration were served out. No one spoke.

They sucked down those colourless drops greedily, and stared at each other, and then avoided each other's eyes.

Penny was delirious—dying

A night passed.

The sun rose, terrible and splendid, over the heaving waste of sea—the only presence besides their own.

It climbed the heavens—smote down on them, indifferent to their plight.

Penny, without water, his tongue like leather, his wound dreadful, suddenly flung himself overboard. He knew he must die soon; he would not stay and worry his shipmates further.

More days passed. There was still a little biscuit, but no one wanted it. Without water, biscuit is terrible stuff to swallow.

*

MR. DENNING and Hurst, Third Engineer on the sunken collier, began to whisper together.

The others were too far gone to care.

The whispering went on all one night.

Denning and Hurst seemed more cheerful.

Denning gave a number of orders for the future.

The next day passed like a dream. As the sun set in glory in the west, Denning and Hurst stood up, arm in arm, and jumped overboard.

The food that was left would not have lasted five men long. It would last three nearly twice as long.

The three Welshmen were left together.

Doggedly, they rationed the last crumbs of biscuit into almost invisible daily rations. There was a shower of rain. They squeezed the water out of their clothing and drank it.

Morgan, who had shown great signs of suffering, suddenly refused to answer questions.

Silence is dangerous when men are at this pass.

The other two tried all they could to arouse his interest.

They talked of his home—his friends—his past.

He crouched and glowered at them with blazing eyes.

Sometimes he uttered a cracked laugh.

That night he ended his life.

Widdicombe and Tapscott, aged twenty-four and nineteen, faced the Atlantic alone.

*

A STORM gathered, with lowering black cloud, a hard piping wind, queasy rollers smashing into white foam.

A shoal of flying-fish passed over the boat, and somehow one of the men struck one down, with a feeble gesture.

Food!

They tore it ravenously apart, only to find that their cracked lips and dried tongues could not swallow it.

Slowly and painfully they managed to force little pieces down their throats.

It gave them strength with which, alone and in that tiny, leaking boat, to fight an Atlantic gale.

Great winds walked the ocean.

The sea seethed.

The little boat tried to run drunkenly away from the wind. It burst through walls of water, fell headlong into great valleys, screamed and cringed as its oaken bones bent in their sockets.

It ran into sliding hills, amid almost solid rain.

Around, dancing with dreadful revelry, gliding majestically apart, smashing together, waves stepped in macabre frolic to the horizon and pounced back again, standing gravely above the insanely fleeing cockboat deliberating whether to smother it at once or play with it a little longer.

Yet it fought through the gale, and the two haggard men on board baled it out, kept its head to the wind—and lived.

Calm came.

But all the food and water was gone.

Again they drank the wetness from their clothes, though it was terribly salt.

They caught seaweed drifting past and ate it.

For weeks it was their only food.

Their beards were now at their waists, their clothes rotting on their bodies.

They had been in the boat two months.

They had travelled nearly 3,000 miles.

Still the sea encompassed them.

There was nothing in sight, only moving water and empty sky.

When human endurance was at its lowest, one of the two men managed to break the compass. They shared the tiny drop of alcohol from it. It gave them strength enough to resist the longing to leap overside—and rest. . . .

*

SIXTY-NINE days after the *Anglo-Saxon* was struck down in the night a farmer's wife on Eleuthera Island, in the Bahamas, saw a ship's boat stranded on the golden sand.

In it were what looked like two dead men.

Tender hands washed them, soothed them.

Their black mouths were moistened with precious water.

As soon as they were able to be moved, an aeroplane carried them to Nassau, where they were put in hospital.

Carefully fed, tended, cared for, given water . . . water. . . .

The story of their fight against an ocean will never die.

Next week:—"Threw a Bomb Overboard."

BOMBED TREATED AS BEGGARS

NEARLY every day complaints still reach me from many towns that the bombed and homeless are being treated as beggars.

Assistance Board officers in some districts show sympathy and kindness, but too many of them are harsh and unsympathetic.

A London Settlement warden who has been a friend of thousands in his district is rightly indignant.

"I have seen people," he says, "who have never owed a penny, so overcome by the callous treatment of officials—coming on top of the shock of bombing—that they have fainted."

There is, I am afraid, far too much intimidation of poor people, who are often unaware of their rights.

Everyon reads how often, in areas which have been blasted by enemy bombs, those whose homes have been shattered form a tragic and bedraggled procession.

They are not always told what to do, and go to their Town Hall, and from there tramp from office to office, where there are long periods of waiting.

If grants are made they are often totally inadequate, and the unfortunate victims of bombs are usually too distressed to argue or fight their claim for adequate financial help.

To offer a man who has lost his home, his clothing and his tools a beggarly sum of £3 seems fantastic even as a preliminary grant.

MYTHICAL "COMFORTS"

WHAT happens to the thousands of pounds contributed by the public to the various "Comforts for the Troops" funds? This is one of the great mysteries which many men serving with the Forces are eager to solve.

There is a West Country town where an Infantry regiment was stationed for over six months. In practically every hotel, public house, café and cinema there were collecting boxes for "Comforts for the Troops" stationed locally.

* * *

The public subscribed liberally, yet there was not a single man in this regiment who got a single cigarette!

Here is a typical complaint from a man who, in twelve months' service, says that he has seen dozens of collecting boxes in cinemas and bars for "Comforts for the Troops."

"During that time," he writes, "I have spoken to men serving in many regiments, but, like me, none of them has ever had so much as a free cigarette, much less any of the other 'comforts' for which I do not doubt that the public has liberally subscribed."

* * *

Another complaint comes from a battalion stationed on the South coast, where men have stood up to the "Blitz" for months. They have not received a single cigarette.

A racket that has developed in many parts is the "Spare a Cigarette" collections. Customers buying cigarettes throw into a large collecting box a few "smokes for the troops."

Hundreds and thousands of cigarettes are collected but never reach the troops for whom they were intended.

Meagre Payment

Yet in many bombed districts people are being fobbed off with such meagre payments.

Here is a typical case:

A widow and her daughter whose home was virtually destroyed lost most of their furniture, clothing and household utensils. After two days of waiting and tramping to the wrong offices they were granted the sum of £2 on which to set up home again.

Finding accommodation by their own efforts, they removed what scraps of furniture that could be saved from the wreckage of their home.

Presumably the cost of removal was to be included in the payment of £2.

This aged widow has waited three weeks expecting further financial help from the local authorities.

Trudged in Despair

She has paid two further visits to the local office, but, referred from one official to another, has trudged home again in despair of ever getting any real assistance.

Unaware of their rights, many of these bombed people are overawed, if not actually bullied. The secretary of one local organisation who has been in close touch with air raid victims makes the following charges:

Two of the Worst . . .

BECAUSE of the shortage of chocolate and other confectionery supplies small shopkeepers are being victimised by "travellers" posing as representatives of well-known firms.

One of these crooks has been making a good income for some weeks in London's suburbs by taking orders for chocolate and other sweets on the cash-with-order system.

The shopkeeper is eager to obtain supplies, and the "traveller," who produces an order book with the printed heading of a well-known firm, promises delivery within a few days.

Lured on by this promise, the victim pays cash.

Having taken other orders with cash in the same district, the "traveller" then disappears.

The promised goods do not arrive, and enquiries show that the plausible "commercial" has no connection with the firm he was supposed to represent.

Beware these fake "travellers."

And look out for the "evacuee" trickster.

He travels by car and calls at small hotels and boarding-houses seeking accommodation for the clerical staff of a London firm that is being evacuated to the country.

After inspecting the premises and booking all available accommodation he usually stays a night or two.

When presented with the bill he explains that as he has only a small amount in cash, will his host be so kind as to cash a cheque for £5 or £10?

He then pays the bill and collects the change from his cheque.

His story of evacuees for whom his firm will pay generous billeting allowances is an attractive bait.

The promised evacuees do not arrive, but his cheque comes back dishonoured.

Meantime, the trickster has moved to another district to work the same ramp.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

Miss Ellen Wilkinson can end the shelter scandals

Shelter Death Traps

READERS in various parts of the country have written to thank me for giving a publicity to the disgraceful manner in which many private and public shelters have been built or neglected.

In one district on the northern outskirts of London, surface shelters are a scandal.

Although built only a few weeks ago, it has been possible to dislodge bricks by simply lifting them from their places.

The so-called mortar with which these bricks had been laid was composed chiefly of sand.

It crumbles at the touch of a pencil-point.

Many other costly public shelters in the same locality are so faulty in construction that rain penetrates the walls and roofs; water collects in giant puddles on the floors.

Some shelters started in July are still without roofs.

Yet the walls are crumbling already.

While some A.R.P. Rescue Squads are doing excellent work, too many relatives of people buried beneath the ruins of their homes have been badly treated.

One of the instances my reporter investigated concerned a man, his wife and two sons, buried beneath the ruins of their home during an air raid.

On the morning following the raid the man's mother found only a cavity where his house had been.

"I told the A.R.P. workers that a family of four was buried beneath the ruins," the grief-stricken woman told the reporter.

* * *

"They told me that everybody had been taken out, and no more digging was to be done until next day."

The distracted mother, helped by four other members of the family, searched every hospital and school in the district in the vain hope of receiving news of the four bomb victims.

Three days later the bodies of the boys were found.

Five days later the body of the father was discovered, but there is still no news of his wife!

In no case have the officials concerned shown the slightest sympathy or understanding of the difficulties of the claimants, who are invariably suffering from the severe shock of bombing and the loss of their homes.

They have been given no information as to what they are entitled to receive. None has received the full amount, and increased grants have only been made after haggling.

These poor people have wasted hours waiting in queues, sometimes at the wrong office, or because at the right office there has been an insufficient staff to deal with applicants. This means lost time and loss of wages to many workmen.

In no case were people told that they were to return if the grant given to them was insufficient for their needs.

£5 for £600 Shop

The proprietor of a café suffered from severe bombing. His business was wrecked and property valued at £600 was destroyed.

The Assistance Board gave him £5 for himself and his wife. He was then sent to the P.A.C., where, after waiting seven hours, he was given 10s. When he was offered 5s. billeting money he refused this munificence.

After weeks of despair and prolonged visits to officials he has now been granted £60 to enable him to restock and reopen his café business, but this was not given until he had taken the matter up with higher authorities.

A tailor whose house had been destroyed claimed for clothes, furniture and tools. He was given £3 for himself and his wife. After days of delay and haggling he was given another £6.

Yet he was refused immediate assistance to buy tools by which he earned his living. But for the assistance of friends he would have been unable to work, lacking tools, and would have become a charge on the P.A.C.

Lost Everything

A crippled cabinet maker suffered loss of clothes, furniture and tools. At the Assistance Board office he was refused help and sent to the Employment Exchange to find work. This man had a job, but he had been misdirected, had gone to the wrong office, where he was treated as if he was claiming assistance under the Unemployment Scheme.

If you have lost your home, or part of it, go to the Town Hall and get Compensation Form V.O.W.I. Should you find it difficult to fill in, go to the local Citizens' Advice Bureau.

This form must be filled up within thirty days of the bombing, or you will get nothing. Compensation will be paid later.

The Assistance Board must pay you an advance on your claim—up to £50 for furniture, £10 for a single person's clothing, and up to £30 for the whole family's clothing.

You should also get an immediate grant for tools lost up to their full value.

If the Local Authority cannot move what furniture you have left, then have it moved yourself and present the bill for payment.

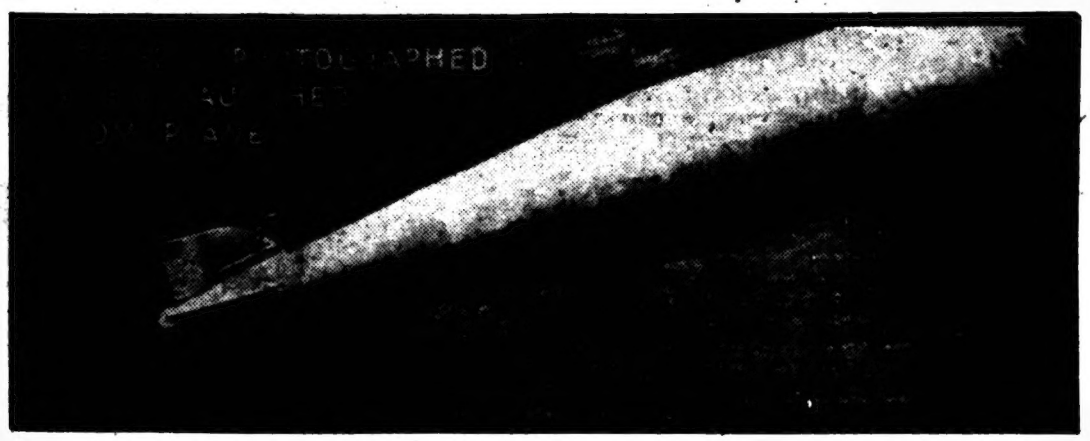
I urge you not to knuckle under to officials who may attempt to intimidate you. And don't be content with such totally inadequate sums as £2 or £3.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

I have awarded the guinea this week to Captain Gilbert Plenge, of the Wren Valley, Anglesey, N. Wales. He supplies me with information of a distinctive character about a subject in which I am much interested.

COASTAL COMMAND SCORES AGAIN ON A NAZI CONVOY

"I Gave 'em Hell!"



This remarkable photograph of a torpedo being launched at a Nazi ship was taken by the navigator of the R.A.F. bomber

● Continuing his saga of the Coastal Command, Captain Frank H. Shaw, who has interviewed more than a score of young pilots attached to this vital branch of the R.A.F., describes a sea-bomber's busy day.

WORD came to our Coastal Command station that a German convoy was sneaking along the Dutch coast, but poor visibility had prevented our observers from getting details.

The other fellows in the squadron had been detailed for a bombing flight over a Norwegian fjord, and, as my Bristol Beaufort was still fitted for torpedoes, the job of straffing the convoy was mine for the asking.

When I watched them loading my "mouldy" on the racks, I merely wished it were possible for my aircraft to carry more than one torpedo.

When we started out the weather was none too promising.

Half a gale was blowing down the airfield as I turned into the wind, but our flying speed soon ironed out the worst of the bumps.

Over the other side the wind eased, but there were still patches of fog.

After cruising a while I spotted five ships. One of them looked more like a warship than a destroyer. Another might have been an armed liner.

She seemed the fairest target.

I flattened out, and, estimating the height, let go the "mouldy," desperately pointing the nose fairly at the big ship's funnels.

Under the Target

A torpedo there would hit the boilers or the engines.

My navigator reported: "All gone!"

That "mouldy" should have taken the water like a seal. It didn't. Don't ask me precisely what occurred. It was dropped accurately enough, but I must have been too high.

Almost immediately, it broke surface. It was set to travel at twelve feet, which is most effective against a full-draught ship, but falling may have upset the delicate mechanism.

Anyway, the armed ship dug out like blazes in an attempt to avoid what seemed a pretty certain finish. Even a surface-runner can do a lot of harm, but this tinfish just dived and went clean under the target!

I felt like dropping overboard with shame. My first real job and I'd made a flop! Then I decided it mightn't be so bad. The convoy was a longish way from port still, and I suddenly put the nose on the homeward trail, giving all the gun I could. I nursed the Beaufort tenderly, and not only crossed our coast, but also made a satisfactory landing on our own airfield.

That was that. If rankled still that I'd botched my job.

But the "C.O." understood my chagrin.

"You can't win this war single-handed, X," he grinned.

Then he explained that one of the squadron had turned back because of engine trouble, and in making a rather sketchy landing he'd hit his head and got slight concussion.

The ground-staff had serviced the machine and it was O.K.

If I liked, I could try my hand again—on the same convoy.

I jumped at the offer.

As luck would have it, most of the sea-fog was dispersed when we got across the sea.

Scurrying Home

Conditions were ideal for attack, and the convoy was still at sea—though it was scurrying back to its port of departure.

My first target came into action, and I thought how narrowly he had escaped destruction an hour or so before.

This time I didn't intend him to have a chance.

It depended on my bomb-aimer, of course. In torpedo-attack the weight of responsibility rests with the pilot, who must steer exactly.

We climbed to avoid the "Flak."

They were determined to shoot us out of the sky, but they missed the engines, glory be!

I made a vertical dive fairly on to the armed escort.

I thought their gunners would get a crick in the neck from staring directly up at us! And then the bomb fell—just where I wanted it. I think it must have penetrated to the Hun's magazine.

There was the father and mother of an explosion.

The whole stern works came up to meet us.

Not All of Them

The escort ship heeled over and slid under the smooth surface.

The convoy scattered and threw out smoke.

The smaller "Flak" did its best, but the second bomb dropped just alongside and blew him on to his beam-ends.

In that position, he could do nothing to hurt us.

The convoy ships were a sitting shot.

I don't say we spitchered the lot; but when we left—because Hun fighters were swarming everywhere—the convoy looked like a sick headache—two listed, one on fire.

The main point proved that day was the excellence of the Beaufort bomber—a dandy ship!

Continuing

I SAW FOR MYSELF

by Maurice Fagence

MINISTRY of NO Information

FOR five weeks I have been taking you behind the scenes of the new war-time Ministries.

My task has been made easy and delightful.

Every official I have met has shared my view that the public has a right to know all about the war it is fighting and paying for except where the information might be of use to the enemy.

Not that furnishing information to the public has been any part of the primary functions of any of these Ministries.

That is the work of a special Ministry with which I have not yet dealt—a Colossus of a Ministry, dwarfing all other newcomers.

The Ministry of Information is its name.

* * *

I had planned to describe its work this week.

I wanted to tell you what it did to counteract the work of the Goebbels lie factory in every country in the world.

And if my enquiries in the other Ministries have been made pleasant and easy, how much easier and pleasant they should have been in that vast department of State devoted to Information.

They were not.

I was told that the Ministry of Information had no information.

I was told that the Ministry of Information had no channel through which the information could be given even if it had such information.

I was told this in passages. If this Ministry of a Thousand Warm Rooms has one room which the Press of the world can use as a waiting-room, I failed to find it in my three hours of waiting in draughts.

The swarms of highly paid officials of the Ministry of Information are apparently very busy people.

The first man I saw was in the worst draught of Building No. 1.

He told me that the department that dealt with information about the Ministry was in Building No. 2.

But the official I saw in Building No. 2 begged to differ. He bounced me back to Building No. 1.

At length I reached Building No. 2 again—still as a denizen of passages.

I found myself alone with vast crates of propaganda for foreign countries.

Men toiled by me carrying huge and lavishly-framed oil paintings of the British generals.

I was ushered into an official who totally denied having any information about the Ministry of Information.

He wrote a name on a "Private and Confidential" document.

This was my passport to another room, but only after a wait of ninety minutes in another passage.

Now I was before an official who said plainly that no department that could give information about the Ministry of Information was in existence.

I was sent to another room.

It was 11.45 a.m.

The usual occupier was at lunch.

I made another call.

Before me sat an official who said, "I've got all the information you want here"—tapping a mountain of documents—"but I haven't any authority to give it you."

I asked who could authorise him to do so.

He pondered over a list of some hundreds of names of Ministry officials and said he really didn't know.

A typist tried to be helpful.

She wrote the name of Colonel Scorgie on a piece of paper.

To Colonel Scorgie, then, with the best wishes of all the occupants in the room I had just left.

In Building No. 1 again, I tried to see the man who is always helpful.

No, I couldn't see him. Perhaps I could write him a note.

I did. It was just a simple little request for such information that all the other Ministries had given me with whoops of joy.

Another wait in a passage.

* * *

The appearance of a girl clerk.

"I am sorry, but Colonel Scorgie regrets that no information whatever can be made known about the Ministry of Information," she said.

So I cannot tell you about the Ministry of Information, as I have told you—without impairing our chances of victory one whit—about the other Ministries.

A. G. GARDINER says we must be ready for more savagery because

GANGSTERISM IS AT BAY!

IN the most memorable of his speeches, Lincoln called on the United States of America to "highly resolve . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The call was heard and the cause of freedom was won for the whole American continent.

The same trumpet note has been sounded again and America has lined up on the side of humanity in a still vaster struggle.

For all practical purpose the two great English-speaking Commonwealths are now united in the war on gangsterism.

In the light of this fact the issue is not in doubt. We may say with confidence that the gangsters, in the words of President Roosevelt, "are not going to win this war."

FOR the decision of the United States to throw all the resources of the greatest industrial power in the world into the struggle on our side represents the defeat of Hitler's main objective.

It clinches his defeat in the Battle of Britain.

It marks the failure of his whole strategic idea. That idea was based on the conviction that he could conquer Europe last summer, knock Britain out of the ring, and make himself master of the Atlantic before the United States could get thoroughly alarmed, take sides, or be of any use in the struggle.

With Britain and the British Fleet out of the way, he could then descend on the Americas and establish his bases for the conquest of that continent.

It would be an easy job, for he regarded the Western Hemisphere as a great helpless whale which (the British Navy being defunct) he could harpoon at his leisure.

But when his invasion plan collapsed last September, his strategic idea collapsed too. With a long war ahead, the United States became all-important.

IF THAT VAST ENGINE BEGAN TO GET INTO MOTION THE WHOLE BALANCE OF FORCES WOULD BE UPSET. IF IT WAS PUT AT THE SERVICE OF AN UNCONQUERED BRITAIN HIS DREAM OF WORLD EMPIRE WOULD VANISH INTO SPACE.

And that it might be so put was evident as the autumn advanced. America became thoroughly alarmed.

It began to realise that its own freedom depended on the British Navy.

WASHINGTON entered into negotiations with Canada. It summoned all the republics of America to a conference and secured the Pact of Panama, which provided for a common defence of the whole continent against the gangster powers. Naval and air bases were acquired from Britain and surplus destroyers were sent to us in exchange.

Hitler struggled desperately to stem this ominous tide. He set all his vast propaganda machinery at work to undermine Roosevelt.

MEANWHILE his agents stirred up South American fears of the United States as the real enemy. All in vain.

Next he tried threats. He induced Japan to join the Axis and set Matsuoka to talk menacingly about the Pacific. In this way he hoped to stop American supplies to Europe, divert Roosevelt's mind to the East, and frighten American opinion back into a craven "isolation."

Again, all in vain. Mr. Roosevelt was unalarmed. No dictator and no combination of dictators, he said, would deflect America from its support of the Allies in its war against "a gang of outlaws."

With those outlaws there is to be neither peace nor appeasement—not for the United States any more than for us. Let the dictators "construe" this declara-

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

WILL HORE-BELISHA RETURN?

● There are, in the Government, several offices which the former Secretary for War could fill with distinction for himself and profit to the nation.

When he offended Gamelin, chiefly by advising an extension of the Maginot Line to the coast, and was therefore dismissed as "an interfering civilian," he refused the Board of Trade.

It was expected, when Churchill became Premier, that he would be sent for.

But this Government is largely based on Party lines—and the National Liberals are an uninfluential section.

Besides, Hore-Belisha has enemies in high places. One has boasted of having brought about his downfall.

Nor is he at all popular with Labour M.P.s. They remember his big share in forming the "National" Government.

He would make an excellent Minister of Education. In that office, he could introduce the democratic idea which worked so well in the Army—to the annoyance of Brass Hats.

The Ministry of Transport needs back there a man of his drive.

But—has his quarrel with Duncan Sandys, Winston's son-in-law, been forgotten?

I doubt it.

SHOULD FAMOUS BUILDINGS BE RESTORED?

● It all depends on how much they are damaged. Apparently, enough of the Guildhall remains for the restoration of the damaged parts of what was for centuries the cradle of British municipal liberty.

Some of the City churches can be repaired.

But, when a wrecked structure has to be rebuilt, it should not be imitation Wren, but, say, real Lutyens and original Thomas Tait.

An ancient building is only valuable because of its historic associations. Complete reconstruction is worthless.

Wherever possible, modern architects should be allowed to challenge the masters of the past.

The Stockholm Town Hall, the finest of the stone creations of this century, should give them inspiration and courage. It is a gem of architecture.

Then there is the Council House at Nottingham, an epic of municipal courage and a masterpiece of planning.

Let us save the old London, but not copy it.

Give our artists of To-day every encouragement—and Lord Reith full powers to think, to plan, and to carry out!

And do not let anyone ruin his schemes!

Once, after 1666, they ruined Wren's great ambitions for a New London.

WHY CHANGE OUR FOOD PLANS NOW?

● "If the food situation for 1941 is really going to be serious," I was asked the other day, "why did Lord Woolton let us have so much of everything in 1940?"

It is not the fault of the Food Minister. He can plan rationing only after consultation with Admiralty advisers as to the extent of the problems of the mercantile marine.

Shipping has been badly handled. The convoy system has been mismanaged.

There have been serious delays in handling food at the docks. And each delay means that vessels are not used for days.

Woolton can distribute what food he gets, and ration according to what food is expected—but he does not bring it here.

SHOULD "HONOURS" BE ABOLISHED?

● Yes. The New Year's List exposed their fatuity.

All sorts of men who have failed in the war were given steps up.

All kinds of Civil Servants were made this or that, or given a new something to wear—and at a time when the Civil Service is being blamed for its circumlocution.

If we are to have a New World, which I doubt, we should start by encouraging the Caste system to die out.

The plain truth is that if a man really deserved an "honour," he doesn't want it. If he does, his reputation is greater than any rank can give him.

Shakespeare and Stephenson got nothing.

Besides, are not Civil Servants and generals and admirals paid for the work they do?

WHY WERE THE B.B.C. CHANGES STOPPED?

● Actually, Foreign Office chiefs were "flying a kite."

They had got control of the Ministry of Information. They were putting their fingers in all sorts of pies.

Then, "Let us boss the B.B.C.," they said.

So someone among them spread the story that the B.B.C. was to have a new chief.

This news, when printed, caused an outcry—and so the plan of the minor diplomats came to naught.

Mind you, there are scores of workless diplomats—relics of the old system which died when Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini, three working men, began to run Europe—now looking for jobs.

They should be watched.

The sending of three men outside the ring to the three chief posts abroad—Cripps to Moscow, Lothian to Washington and Hoare to Madrid—increased their desire to find employment.

The Old Gang of diplomats must go—for ever.

Adolf Hitler, Attila of to-day, and the young Huns, so typical of his rule of brute force and terror, are at bay. But they will go the way of all gangsters

tion as they please, says the President defiantly.

However they construe it, it is a momentous victory for freedom and a momentous defeat for the "gang of outlaws."

But in estimating its effects we must not deceive ourselves. The knowledge that the United States with all its resources is now at our back to the utmost and the end will sting Hitler to desperation.

If he cannot knock us out before American supplies can become decisive, he will be lost.

For this reason we must be prepared for every savagery which Hitler and his nation of hyenas can conceive.

They will stop at nothing, from the indiscriminate burning of our cities to the poisoning of our wells. They will attempt invasion, for they must invade us or lose.

For all this we must be prepared.

But in the wider fields of the war the effects of the stiffening of American support will be incalculable.

THEY HAVE SPREAD PANIC IN THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY, AS YOU MAY GATHER FROM THE BLEATINGS OF GAYDA IN ROME AND OF GOEBBELS IN BERLIN.

And in Japan there is a very marked decline in enthusiasm for the Axis. The attempt to make Mr. Roosevelt's flesh creep having failed, there is now a very obvious back-pedalling in Tokyo.

There is a wave of depression there, induced by many things. Years of disappointment and lowering standards of living, coupled with popular feeling against the exactions of the military gang, are spreading discontent, and Colonel Mabutsi's report, published in the Tokyo press on the gloomy outlook of Japan in China, has added to the general disquiet.

NOW that Roosevelt has called the Axis bluff there is a growing feeling that Japan has been used by Hitler to pull his chestnuts out of the fire for him. Japan is far too dependent on the United States for her military supplies and her trade to wish for a break with that Power.

Nor is the fact that Germany is carrying on her depredations in Australasian waters under a Japanese disguise likely to increase Japan's affection for the Axis. For Japan cannot afford to have her relations with Australia disturbed.

Finally, the humiliating exhibition which Italy has made of herself in Greece and Egypt has shocked Japan's confidence in the Axis.

She feels that, in slang parlance, Hitler has sold her a pup, and with America now all out against "the gang of outlaws," her discomfort is manifest.

And the American attitude has not only shaken the Axis at both extremities: it has had a most exhilarating effect everywhere outside Germany.

The promise of help to Greece and China as well as Britain is as valuable in the moral as in the material sense.

Under the inspiration of Roosevelt France is getting to her knees again, if not yet to her feet.

And in all the countries under Hitler's jack-boot—Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Denmark—the fact that America is now in the hue-and-cry after the gangsters has brought new hope and revived the spirit of resistance.

The reactions in Russia, in the Balkans, in Turkey, in Spain and in the Arab world are no less significant.

HITLER has succeeded in encircling Germany with enemies, and the spark struck at Washington is lighting up the fact for him quite unmistakably. Let the legend of his invincibility once be pricked and his empire will go as quickly as it came.

THIS DOES NOT MEAN THAT THE PERIL HAS PASSED. HITLER'S POWER FOR EVIL IS STILL GREAT. HE HAS ENSLAVED AND PLUNDERED ALL HIS NEIGHBOURS AND HAS CONVERTED ALL CENTRAL AND WESTERN EUROPE INTO A MIGHTY INSTRUMENT OF WAR.

But that instrument is built on terror, and when the terror breaks he will break.

It was so that gangsterism broke in the United States. And it is so that it will break in its attempt to dominate the world.

The forces of civilisation are gathering from the ends of the earth and gangsterism is at bay from the Straits of Dover to the Sea of Japan.

It will not go down except at a tremendous price, but the price will be paid.

THE LAST BIT OF WALL...

ON the morning after the great fire, a man was standing in the shadow of St. Paul's.

Around him fires still smouldered. Black, gaunt shells of offices, warehouses, proclaimed the vandalism of the aerial Huns.

The man gazed in silence at a heap of charred ruin which had once housed his business. For nearly a hundred years his grandfather, his father, and then himself, had built up a publishing business that became known in all parts of the world.

* * *

From where that pile of débris stood had gone millions of educational books. And for decades, surviving wars and slumps and reverses, the House had carried on its work of spreading enlightenment and knowledge.

There were no tears in the eyes of the man whose whole life had been devoted to the business he loved.

He turned to a group of A.F.S. men, whose red-rimmed eyes and smoke-grimed faces told of the fight they had waged in the inferno of the night.

"May I," he asked, "just go over there and push that bit of wall down?"

The A.F.S. men looked at him a little strangely. But these are strange days, and they did not say "No."

The man walked over rubble and hoses, through pools of muddy water, and, with a push of the hand, sent the few brave bricks tumbling. He gave an "Hooray," and walked away.

* * *

That bit of wall was the only piece of the building left standing. Its demolition was the gesture of a man whose mind was already planning a new start.

That man is a friend of mine. Once before an incendiary bomb had fallen on his premises, and had done some damage. A bomb had fallen in the garden of his home; the house next to him had been wrecked by a direct hit, and five of his neighbours killed.

When he got home after saying farewell to the ruins in the City, he said to his daughters: "Now, to make it a Happy New Year, all we need is for you two to catch measles."

Never have I met a man so confident and so cheerful in adversity. His duplicate records, housed in another part of the City for safety, went up in flames the same night as his business did.

Less than twenty-four hours after the fire raid he was busy planning a new start. First there was the search for premises; then an attempt to draw up records of business.

Notepaper had to be ordered; his staff provided for. Further stocks of paper and material had to be obtained—a task in itself bristling with snags.

Out of chaos he set himself to bring order. It was not a matter of pulling threads together, for some of the threads were missing, never to be found again.

* * *

It was not a matter of carrying on, for the fire had destroyed some goods which were the fruits of years of effort and design.

It was a case of a break with life. And the only thing he could do was to forget the break and face the problems that were ahead.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

Many men — most of us, I'm afraid—would have been full of self-pity. Many would have been tempted to have thrown in the sponge, acknowledging the mastery of circumstances.

But this one cheerful man had the power to look ahead. He had the good fortune to assess misfortune in its true perspective.

As he faced adversity, so, if need be, should we all. As he planned quickly, decisively, when disaster came, so must the nation plan for the days when peace comes again to our war-scarred country.

* * *

The City took it. So did the people of the City, its workers, its employers, its officials and its leaders.

The City will rise again, a better and more splendid heart of Empire. Some of its history in stone has vanished. But no history of the past can compare with the history of heroism, of endurance, of courage being made within its walls to-day.

CRYSTAL WISDOM

"John Bull's" Ten Minute Short Story, in which

WILL SCOTT

tells how the crystal-gazer brings relief to a man by revealing the worst . . . .

IN the end he could not stand it any longer. He had to know; know or go mad. Anyway, that's what he told himself and his wife.

So he went to a crystal-gazer.

He had what is sometimes called "five-bobs' worth of to-morrow." Yet he couldn't afford the five bob.

But he had to know.

It had gone on for months and months, and it was more than he could bear. It had started, actually, on the day war broke out.

"We shall be ruined!" he declared.

"We're not ruined yet," said his wife.

"That," he sighed wearily, "is just what a woman *would* say."

"Well, what do you want me to say?" she asked. "Do you want me to pull a long face and burst into tears?"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!"

"But *how*," she begged, "am I being ridiculous?"

* * *

"You talk as if the whole thing were a joke! Do you realise what living on a pound or two will mean? Perhaps less than a pound or two. Perhaps a shilling or two."

"I can remember the time," said his wife.

He just frowned at that. The trouble with women was that you couldn't argue with them.

"If you think there's any fun——"

"Well, there *was*."

"What?"

"Many and many and *many* a time," said his wife, "I have known us spend our last half-crown on what you used to call a 'do.' A night at the pictures, or a bus ride round London. Or something else. But something. Time after time. And as happy as larks. And we did *not* know if we'd have a shilling between us the next day."

"We were young then," he growled.

"We were happy!"

"Do you mean we're not happy now?"

"I mean that we're not broke, and won't be broke next week or next month, but we go about with long faces as if the war had been started specially to ruin us. Whereas then we *were* broke, and might have stayed so for a week or a month or for ever. We couldn't say. We didn't know. But we *laughed*."

"Can you tell me," he said, "of anything in this world to-day that makes you want to laugh?"

"The expression on your face, Solemnsides," said his wife.

"Oh!!!" said he savagely; and went out of the room.

* * *

But cheerful though his wife might try to keep (saying that the other thing did no good to anybody), there was soon no doubt that there was some cause for the long faces he pulled.

Philosophy might be on her side, but hard facts were on his.

"The end of this war will see us broke to the wide," he said almost every day.

"Why go to meet it?" she said. "You don't *know*. You can't prove it. Not now. You won't be able to prove it until the war's over. So wait. That's all you can do, anyway."

"When the war started I was getting a thousand a year," he said. "Two cuts have already brought it down to seventeen pounds a week. How long can we go on like that?"

"Seventeen pounds a week," said his wife, "would seem like a fortune to some people."

"It isn't just the money coming down," he reminded her. "It's everything else going up. The cost of household things. Shoes. Everything.

"And they'll go up again. And again.

"And taxes. Taxes! Who can see the end there?"

* * *

After nine months of war it was becoming more and more difficult for his wife to try to persuade him—and herself—that Smiling as Usual was a good motto for war time.

It was at that time that he brought the news that their total income was down to twelve pounds a week, and not long afterwards down to ten pounds a week.

"It's lucky," she said, "that we've got a bit put by in the bank."

"It's lucky for the income tax people," said he. "It's for those fellows we've had it put by in the bank all this time, if we'd only known."

They had a sit-round and talked it over.

The car would have gone long ago, but that in times like these the only offer they could get had been a cut-throat price. Now it was agreed that the cut-throat price should be accepted.

The youngsters would have to come from the big school on the top of the hill and go to the little school at the bottom of the hill. And another cut would mean that the maid would have to go.

"This dreadful war!" he moaned.

"But, dear," said his wife, "things may take a turn and go up. Not everybody loses money in war time. Some people *make* money."

"Some may. I shan't."

"Oh, well!"

The income came down to eight pounds a week, and soon to six. They would have moved to a smaller house, but other people had more clearly seen what was coming and all the smaller houses were full.

His wife, thinking about him one day, realised with a shock that it was exactly seven weeks since last he had smiled. She could remember the occasion.

Then she realised with a greater shock that it was exactly seven weeks since she herself had smiled.

So that there was something in his point of view? Happiness did depend on £ s. d.?

"Ruin; that's all we've got to face," he said again. "The end of the war will see us broke and finished."

"Broke, perhaps; but why finished?" said his wife. "You can start again."

"Start again? *I* can start again? In the frame of mind I've got into. I couldn't even smile again. I haven't smiled for weeks, and I know it. You don't have to tell me. You've got to be cheerful and bright and full of optimism to *start* at all, much less *again*. Shall I ever be cheerful and bright and full of optimism? Broke: that's how the end of the war will find us."

* * *

"But how can you be sure?"

"I am sure."

"Sure?"

"You know what I mean. Something tells me. I can feel it inside me. Yes, *sure*!"

And with a voice almost at a scream he went out and slammed the door. And she, wisely, decided to stay where she was and say no more for the time being.

It became a kind of chant in his brain, coming out and out, bigger and bigger, like the trick sub-title on a film.

"Broke by the end of the war!"

"*Broke by the end of the war!!!*"

"BROKE BY THE END OF THE WAR!!!!!!"

"*BROKE BY THE END OF THE WAR!!!!!!!!*"

The fellows in the office often caught him muttering. But they didn't know he was muttering *that*. If they had asked him he would not have told them.

The boss one day had to speak to him four times before he heard, and then he only half-heard. He looked up blankly.

* * *

"What were you saying?" the boss asked.

"Saying, sir?"

"You were muttering something."

"Muttering? Was I, sir? I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"I'm afraid I've got some bad news."

He waited.

"There's been a question of closing down altogether, but we may be able to keep that off for a little while longer . . . salary cut . . . inevitable . . pounds a week. . . ."

His lips moved, but he did not hear what he asked.

"*Four* pounds a week, I said".

"Yes, sir. Er—thank you, sir."

"Four pounds a week!"

"*Four pounds a week!!!*"

"FOUR POUNDS A WEEK!!!!!!"

"*FOUR POUNDS A WEEK!!!!!!!*"

"Broke by the end of the war!"

"*Broke by the end of the war!!!*"

"BROKE BY THE END OF THE WAR!!!!!!"

"*BROKE BY THE END OF THE WAR!!!!!!!!*"

That night he pretty nearly burst into his own home.

"Another cut!" he said. "Four pounds a week!"

To which his wife could say nothing.

"It comes nearer and nearer day by day," said he. "Ruin! I can't stand this. I've got to know. *I've got to know!*"

"But you can't *know*, dear."

"*I'm going to know!*"

"I don't see——"

"I do!"

* * *

And the next day he went to the crystal-gazer.

"I want to know," he said, "how I shall stand at the end of the war."

"Financially?"

"Yes."

The crystal-gazer darkened the room and a light shone down on the glass globe. Presently the crystal-gazer spoke.

"I see you and your wife. You are hand-in-hand. Your occupation has gone and your savings too. The war is over."

"Ruined!" he gasped. "I knew it."

"You have one coin," the crystal-gazer went on. "It is, I think, half a crown. You are both laughing. You are very, very happy and full of hope."

"Happy? Full of hope?"

"Yes. The war is over. The streets are crowded. The lights are up again. You are spending your last half-crown in a bus-ride round London, and planning what you will do to-morrow. . . ."

HUMANIST, advising a nurse who is afraid to marry, says

You Must Defy Your Past

NOBODY can even start to estimate the importance of childhood impressions.

Things that happen before the age of two frequently leave impressions that are never entirely erased from the mind.

Such childhood "fixations" cause many difficult problems for the psychologists and ruin many adult lives.

Let me give an example by quoting a letter that I found in my postbag this week.

"When I was a child," says the writer, "I remember being held in my mother's arms while she stood on the doorstep watching crowds of distracted people, some crying, some carrying stretchers.

"There had been a pit disaster in the neighbourhood.

"Now a trained nurse, I have frequently refused good posts because they were in colliery towns.

"When a pit 'buzzer' sounds, I have to stand still. I can still see the crowds of weeping people as I saw them when a child.

"My problem is this.

"I have become engaged to a colliery official, and this has brought back all my old fears. I feel that the pit is bound to cause us some terrible trouble.

Haunted by a childhood memory of a pit disaster, a nurse now fears that her sweetheart will be engulfed in such a tragedy

"I Dare Not Marry"

"I keep postponing the wedding because I am afraid the pit will rob me of my husband. I dare not marry.

"I am not afraid of anything.

"I don't know what nerve trouble is. This is my only 'phobia,' and it is something I cannot conquer."

This fear is irrational.

The nurse has seen plenty of gruesome sights without feeling the least bit squeamish, and if there were a pit disaster I am sure she would behave splendidly.

Also, it would destroy that fear for ever.

She ought not to let such a secret dread deprive her of marriage.

The point to notice is that she knows the origin of the trouble. It is still within her conscious memory.

If it had happened a year earlier she would probably have forgotten the experience, yet the same queer dread of coalpits and their "buzzers" would be there.

Many unreasoned fears originate in the years before conscious memory, and the psychologist has to "dig them out."

Here is an electrician who suffers, but does not know why.

"Instead of tackling the problems of my job as I should, I only start worrying, until I get depressed and run down," he says.

"I try my utmost to control this depression but to no purpose. I am getting fed up with myself, and the time has now come for me to roll up my sleeves.

"I want to get rid of the thoughts that set me worrying; I want to look on the bright side of things.

"I am not a slacker when I am feeling fit, and I do a lot of studying in my spare time.

"I am always active, and nearly always worried.

"It certainly is a curse.

"I am on the threshold of life, and don't want it spoilt. The war has not worried me half so much as the conflict in my own mind."

He Has Forgotten

This young man has what is called an anxiety neurosis, but, unlike the nurse, he does not know its origin.

It is almost certainly due to something that happened in early childhood.

A psychologist could help him to discover the cause of the trouble, and then he would be a good half-way to removing it.

Hundreds of people suffer from these groundless worries.

There is the man who knows quite well that he locked the front door before going to bed, yet he is compelled to go downstairs to make sure.

There is the woman who goes away for a holiday only to begin worrying about whether she left the electric iron turned on.

She lies awake in the night thinking about it.

Yet she made certain several times before leaving the house.

Children are often cruel to each other.

A small boy will be ridiculed by his sisters and brothers because he has some physical peculiarity—a big nose, a squint, bow legs, or "carroty" hair.

Other children join in teasing him.

Endless Misery

Sometimes adults do the same kind of thing, and the lad starts life with a feeling of inferiority, which causes endless misery later on.

We forget how the trouble began, because we don't care to remember it.

We bury the subject.

But it is still there, and needs rooting out.

A psychologist spends most of his life undoing the harm that was done in childhood.

Here is a very different problem.

"A shepherd on a hill," writes a woman reader, "saw a vision in the sky of a crucifix with six angels whose hands were unlifted in prayer. Three other people in the village also saw it.

"Yet the vicar laughs, because he did not see it. I don't think he can have much faith!

Puzzle of Visions

"When I was a girl, I saw a vision of the cross on Good Friday, about nine o'clock in the evening. It was a clear sky, and the moon rested on the top of the cross.

"I called a next-door neighbour.

"While he watched, a halo appeared and encircled the whole of the top.

"My parents and sisters also saw the vision.

"While riding on a 'bus, just before the last war, I saw a vision of women and children fleeing for their lives in what looked like rivers of blood.

"I had a similar vision in 1938. I am apt to see and dream things before they happen, and I believe that the omens are good.

"I should like to know what you think about these things."

The writer of the letter has highly developed psychic powers.

It is probable that other readers may have had similar experiences, and I should like to hear about them.

If one person sees a vision, it may come from his own brain. We create visions in all our dreams.

But if it can be proved that several people see the same vision at the same time, then there must be something there—something objective.

You cannot refuse to believe a thing because you haven't seen it. I have not seen the Sphinx of Egypt, but I have no right to doubt its existence.

People often see things that are not visible to the rest of us. Whether their visions are important is hardly for us to say.

Such strange experiences are always fascinating, and it is for this reason that I invite other readers to write about them.

Dreams that foretell approaching events are particularly interesting.

BLESSINGS

BLESSINGS come in strange disguises, some of them look mighty odd, dressed in rags of tattered Hardships, it's strange to think they're touched by God. But we can be sure of one thing, that His Love is ever there, when Life's Tide runs hard against us and we've heavy things to bear.

BLESSINGS are the Fruits of Action, when we've done the things we should, even though folk have condemned us, doubted us, misunderstood. Courage is so often lonely, nearly all Right Deeds are hard, but you'll find a Golden Blessing, like a Bright Inch in Life's Yard.

BLESSINGS touch our lives with something which the World cannot bestow, they are set like Lamps of Heaven, shining on us as we go round life's bends and darkened turnings, so we need not be afraid, for each trouble we encounter has on it God's Blessing Laid.

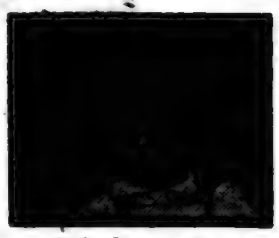
BLESSINGS are our prayers all answered, though we say them in deep pain, though our tears course down our faces as we go on once again. Then when we have done our utmost and it seems we've lost our all, Blessings like sunlight from Heaven suddenly upon us fall.

BLESSINGS are the gold-edged pages in the Book of Sacrifice, where men write with Faith and Courage, counting not the gain nor price which their deeds and thoughts and actions may bring to them in the end. Blessings are the Gifts God Gives us when our Lives we freely Spend.

J. M.

GREATEST OF THESE

MRS. A. DICKENS, of Preston, needs your help. Suffering from heart trouble and partially blind, she must do her best to look after three children, all under thirteen.



Help her mother.

Her husband, who served in the Army throughout the last war rejoined his regiment when this war started.

But he was later discharged as medically unfit, and is now receiving hospital treatment for an eye injury that he suffered more than twenty years ago.

He will never be fit for anything but light work.

In her trouble, Mrs. Dickens has appealed for financial help.

She deserves it.

Donations should be earmarked "Rejoined" and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTE ANONYMOUSLY.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name).

DOCK-MASTER Prisoner in his room for FIVE YEARS

Helpless Victim of Nerves

MAGNIFICENT RECOVERY DUE TO HIS DOCTOR'S ADVICE TO TAKE DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

Mr. Brizland was, during the Great War, on the important duty of Graving-Dock Master at a famous docks. He worked night and day — until he broke down. His subsequent experience is in this letter :

Eccles, Lancashire.
9th July, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I had a nervous breakdown and was so ill they could not say if I would get out of bed again. They told my wife I was done for. However, I did get up again, but was so weak and nervous I was afraid of the least sound. I dare not leave the room for almost five years. I tried everything. *I did not know what to do and when my doctor came in one morning I said to him " Is there nothing you can suggest to relieve this terrible feeling ! " He said " Have you never tried Dr. Cassells Tablets ! " I said " No ! " Then he said " Well, give them a trial ! " I at once sent for a 3/- bottle.* After one or two doses I had never known the pleasure of such restful sleep for the last five years, so I continued with them. I began to get about in such good form that people who had seen me so bad wondered. I told them the true story of your Dr. Cassells Tablets. I am 66 years of age now and feel better and stronger than I was 20 years ago.

Yours faithfully,
(*signed*) James Brizland.

Dr. Cassells Tablets build up NERVES, BRAIN and BODY!

If you are weak—ailing—sleeping badly—unable to work, TEST THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS.

Get a bottle from your chemist today !

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

1/3, 3/5, 5/8 everywhere (including Purchase Tax).

FRY'S COCOA IS MAKING NEW FRIENDS

—and the Coopers meet an old friend at midnight

There's nothing like that siren for making new friends and testing the value of old friends. For example—The Turners asked the Coopers next door to share their shelter. One dark and chilly night, after the all-clear had sounded, the two families went back to the Turners' kitchen and Mrs. Turner served piping hot cups of Fry's Cocoa all round.

'Why can't we have this lovely cocoa at home?' asked young Billy Cooper.

'We used to drink it right through the last war,' said Mrs. Cooper, 'and now we'll have it again'

So now the Coopers drink Fry's regularly and they mean to keep the Fry's Cocoa habit in peace-time, too. For Mrs. Cooper realizes that this food drink keeps the housekeeping bills down, puts extra nourishment into every meal, and helps the whole family to sleep soundly.

FACTS ABOUT FRY'S COCOA

- Fry's Cocoa is a real food packed with nourishment and energy.
- Fry's Cocoa is an ideal food for growing children.
- Fry's Cocoa is rich in nerve-strengthening substances.
- Fry's Cocoa contains vitamin D—the natural sunshine vitamin of the cocoa bean.
- Fry's Cocoa is economical in use and makes every meal go farther.
- Fry's Cocoa, because it is easily digested, makes an ideal bedtime drink.

An old friend that is making new friends

FRY'S COCOA

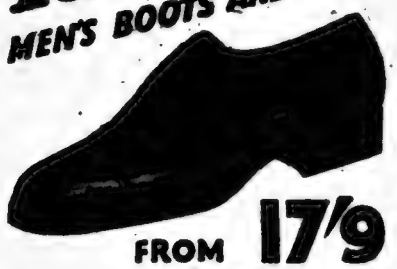
DOWN IN PRICE. NOW 5d. PER ½ LB.

C.230.41940

STILL UNEQUALLED FOR STYLE . . . FIT AND COMFORT

Temeraire

MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES



FROM 17/9
Plus Purchase Tax

Illustrated is Model TB2038
Also in Tan, Model TB2011

The smartness and comfort of Temeraire Shoes is due to their superb quality and finish. Only my enormous output enables me to offer such value. Look for the shop that stocks them, and see the "John White" Guarantee tag.

GUARANTEED BY John White

(IMPREGNABLE BOOTS) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY . . .

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

9/- DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

WRITE for ART LIST

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

MORE WALKING — yet LESS wear!

Yes, it's quite true. Dri-ped for repairs—that's the way to save leather even though shoes are hardwearing. Dri-ped lasts twice as long. And—a good thought for the Winter—Dri-ped is waterproof!

DRI...PED Leather

Neck and neck they raced, but the horse that had taken it easy now set a pace that was killing

TALES OF THE TURF

There's a moral to this chapter of racing history, told by a "John Bull" correspondent, and that is why the bookmaker who tried to be crooked is now known as "Honest Able," the man who was indifferent to the appeal of easy money.

The HORSE THAT COULD NOT LOSE ★ ★

I'M no literary mug, but I believe it was Tolstoy or some other clever fellow who said that just when a chap felt on top of the world Fate sneaked up with a blackjack!

That's how it was with Able that sunny afternoon.

There he was leaning up against the rails at a southern meeting, his three double chins creased in smiles, thinking how right everything was.

Able, in these days, was making a big book.

Favourites were slow and money was coming in fast. His big cigar was drawing nicely.

His suit was a perfect fit, and unless his mental calculations were wrong he wouldn't change salaries with the Prime Minister.

Then the cigar sagged and Able's fat face showed fright. For pushing his way towards him was Lucky Louis Wilson. Able got a grip on himself and forced a sickly grin.

Lucky, destroyer of bookmakers' dreams, was the last man Able wanted to see.

He was one of the biggest and shrewdest of professional backers, a man who thought nothing of laying twenty thousand on his fancy.

Although Lucky's gee-gees did not always push their noses first in front of the stick, he cleaned up often enough to ruin some of the biggest layers in the ring.

Lucky rubbed his thick jaw and appeared to be deep in thought.

"What price Nabob at Newbury?" he demanded.

Able looked a little faint.

"You don't fancy it now, Lucky, do you?" he evaded.

The big backer shrugged.

"Fancy it! I'm backing it. Lay me seven thousand to two," he snapped.

"You're on," sighed Able, wondering whether he looked as bad as he felt. Lucky turned away, then swung on his heel.

"And another five thousand for a place," he called.

"Righto," said Able in a hollow voice, and felt his knees give under him.

★

DINNER at a West End hotel was a poor meal for Able that evening. He did not like the confident way Lucky had made the bet.

"Cheer up, old sport," said a hearty voice, and a dark, dapper little man sat down beside Able.

The bookie looked at the newcomer and his face relaxed. A fat hand was stretched in welcome. The glum face was wreathed in smiles.

Able's worries vanished like clouds from a summer's sky. For the answer to his problem had walked right in and sat on his lap!

Here was Joe, good old Joe, the jockey who was to ride Nabob, sitting right beside him, and now all Able had to do was to talk.

Leaning across the table to pour more wine into his guest's glass, he said:

"You're riding Nabob at Newbury next week, aren't you?"

The jockey nodded.

Able pushed back his chair and stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat.

"What sort of a chance has it got?" he asked warily.

"It can win," was the reply.

Able puffed at his cigar, wrapped in thought. Then he leaned over the table and whispered in Joe's ear.

"Look," he said, "I have laid Lucky Louis seven thousand for a win and five thousand for a place. There must be some way out."

★

AN hour later it had all been neatly arranged, and Able was beginning to feel that life was not so bad after all.

Over the coffee and liqueurs Able had arranged that Nabob would not win at Newbury.

He knew he could safely leave that part of it to Joe.

The little hawk-faced man had forgotten more tricks in the saddle than most jockeys ever learnt, and Able was content to know that Nabob would not finish in the first three.

During the next few days Able and two pals, who were in the know, worked like stevedores, laying generous odds, and striking all the bets they could get against Nabob pulling off a win.

On the day of the race Able was nervous but happy. Nervous because, in the event of an accident, he stood to lose £50,000 over the colt, £32,000 of which was Lucky's money.

Happy because if Nabob lost according to plan he would make a sweet little profit of £8,000.

He would be glad when the race was over. The rain that had fallen for the last few days had deepened his anxiety, and the course was ankle-deep in mud.

Little did Able realise as he watched the horses canter up to the post how much the heavy going would upset his plans.

He felt a pleasant little thrill as Nabob loped by.

What an animal!

Here was a horse a man could really love, a horse that was going to put several thousand pounds in his pocket before the afternoon was out.

Down at the barrier Nabob seemed to be making trouble.

He was fretting and jumping about, and his jockey seemed to be having a hard time keeping him under control.

When the tapes flew up Nabob was prancing sideways, left at the post.

Silently Able gloated, hugging himself with joy

This was going to be one of the easiest jobs he had ever tackled.

Half a mile from the finish Joe urged Nabob a little. The horse was a popular fancy, carrying too much money not to make some sort of a show.

Nabob lunged forward, his great stride eating up the distance between himself and the closely bunched horses ahead.

He moved through the ruck like a fast forward round a rugby scrum, and was slowly catching up with the fliers in front.

The crowd was beginning to roar now as Nabob crept up.

And Joe, bent double over his mount's neck, smiled to himself.

From the stands it seemed as though he were putting up a great show, but he thought the effort had come too late.

Nabob, however, was running the race of his life.

To his horror Joe saw the gap between himself and the leaders rapidly decrease.

They seemed to be slowing down, while Nabob pounding through the mud, was going like a steam engine.

In a flash Joe realised what was happening. In such heavy going the pace had proved too much for the leaders, while Nabob was still fresh and full of running.

Too late Joe discovered the truth.

His horse could not lose.

★

WITH consummate ease he passed the others and drew ahead to take the lead, while Joe, pale and bewildered, was powerless to act.

Ruin and disgrace stared him in the face if he tried to pull the horse now, in full view of the stands and the judge's box!

A wailing cry rose from Tatt'n.

It was the voice of Able moaning over his money.

It was a hunted, desperate man who raised his eyes to the numbers hoisted on the frame. No. 5 was first. Nabob had won, and Able had lost £52,000!

That night Able and Joe met.

Their meeting had something in it of the last straw, the final sling of outrageous fortune. It seemed to put the lid on the sadness of life.

"What the heck made you do it?" blazed Able.

★

THE miserable little fellow dropped his face in his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"With a horse like Nabob I had to make a show," he blubbered, "but when my colt got going the others were floundering in the mud. I could do nothing; we were too near the judge's box by then."

"Well we've got to settle somehow," said Able grimly, a remark that sent the little man into another spasm of sobbing.

Able looked exasperated.

"Stop moping, for heaven's sake," he pleaded. "I could weep with you but that does not find us £50,000. What are we to do?"

In despair, Able played his last card. He sent a pal along to talk to Lucky.

"Get him to give me time," he urged. "If he waits I can pay, but if he presses me I'll have to default and he won't get a penny."

But Lucky was in no mood for mercy.

Since the race he had heard rumours, and was now convinced that Able had tried to frame him.

"Tell that fat pig I've got him where I want him now," he bellowed. "He tried to get me, and now I want him! He'll pay twenty shillings in the pound or else. . . .!"

At this juncture an influential racing man thought it time to intervene.

"If Able goes smash there will be a scandal," he told Lucky. "Everything will come out. It will do the game a lot of harm."

For an hour he talked to Lucky, and his eloquence was not wasted. Eventually the big gambler relented, and in time was paid in full.

Lucky even began to see that Able wasn't such a rat after all, and they became fast friends.

As for Able, he had learned his lesson.

From that day on he became known as Honest Able, ruggedly indifferent to the appeal of big money that could be earned by a little roguery!

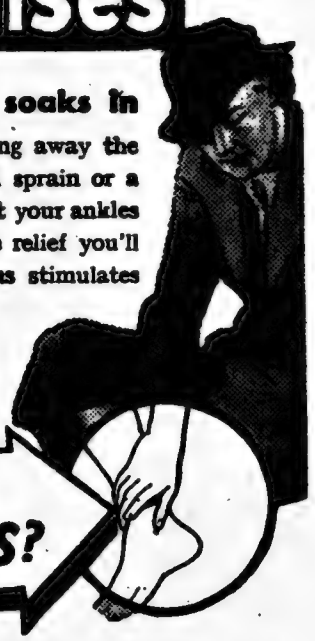
NEXT WEEK

Charlie Takes a Chance

Sprains, Bruises

PAIN fades out as SLOANS soaks in

There's nothing like Sloans for soothing away the pain and reducing the swelling of a bad sprain or a bruise. If you can't walk or stand without your ankles swelling and feet throbbing with pain the relief you'll get from Sloans will amaze you. Sloans stimulates the flow of fresh healing blood through the painful part, thus relieving congestion and inflammation, banishing the pain and restoring strength and suppleness.



Here's the Pain Where's the SLOANS?

For 50 years Sloans has been famed for its power to KILL PAIN. Apply Sloans just where you feel the pain for quick relief from

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHEST COLDS MUSCULAR AND NERVE PAINS

Get a bottle of Sloans Liniment to-day. Sold by all Chemists.

SLOANS *Liniment* **KILLS PAIN**

COLDS & 'FLU

are quickly banished by **Cephos**

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/5 and 3/5. SINGLE DOSE (*Prices include Purchase Tax*).

2½D

How . . . . ?
When . . . . ?
Why . . . . ?

This Famous Remedy Stops

STOMACH SUFFERING!

Everybody is asking How, When and Why MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder brings swift and lasting relief from Stomach Suffering! Here are the answers.

HOW does MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder act? By neutralising pain-causing acid, protecting the inflamed stomach lining and removing health-ruining poisons from the body.

WHEN does MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder act? At once. Biting acid is neutralised immediately, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, PAIN is stopped!

WHY does MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder often end dangerous ulceration? Because it soothes inflamation, protects the eroded area from the acid and enables it to heal. Get a 1/3 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford and your money will be refunded in full. But make sure you get the remedy made by Macleans Ltd. Ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature "Alex C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

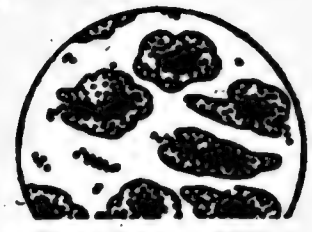
Alex C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½ per bottle (Including Purchase Tax)

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 7d. In Bottles 1/3 and 2/3

Build-up an IRON resistance against Winter Colds & 'Flu

Vigorous, IRON-STRONG blood is your main line of defence against winter colds and flu. Especially this winter, when you may be liable to increased exposure both to the weather and to infection, do you need the iron resistance that vigorous IRON-STRONG blood affords. A course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' will not only give your blood vigorous iron-strength, but will also increase your energy and physical endurance and strengthen your nerves.



How your Blood Cells protect you against Colds & Influenza

Here are blood cells attacking and destroying 'flu germs. If your blood cells are not 'up to strength' you get the 'flu or a cold because the germs that have escaped the opposing blood cells rapidly multiply, invade your tissues and cause inflammation and fever. But when the blood cells are strong and sufficiently numerous they devour all the 'flu germs. You know nothing about this battle, or at the worst you have only a mild 'attack.'

Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A (*containing quinine*). For WOMEN: No. 2.

fortify you with IRON-strength to resist Colds, Chills, Flu

Of all chemists and stores: 1/5 & 3/5 (incl. Purchase Tax)

COUPON for FREE BOOK

The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. (Dpt. J. 118) Watford

Please send your booklet, "IRON-STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength."

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. 11/1/41

Post UNsealed under 1d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary rights is claimed in the method of manufacture.

HEAL CHAPPED HANDS OVERNIGHT BY RUBBING IN

Snowfire

TABLET

3½d.

Family size 8½d.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

ENDED HIS DISFIGUREMENT

"I suffered with Cellulitis of the face and tried various treatments without benefit. I lost nights of sleep and was advised to see a specialist. After trying Germolene my cure was rapid."
—J. D., Bishop's Stortford.

Doubly Wonderful Germolene! Throbbing pain dies away, smarting is soothed, "itching" and "burning" banished! Unhealthy matter is cleared away—the spread of disease arrested. Smooth supple skin heals over cleansed, healthy flesh.

Germolene The World's Greatest Healer. Sold Everywhere 7d. 1/6, 3/5 & 12/8 Per Tin. (*Including Purchase Tax*)

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TO-DAY'S TOPIC

ONCE more I read in JOHN BULL about soldiers compelled to peel potatoes when they want to get on with their training.

Apart from the fact that no man wants to join the Army to do menial tasks, what is wrong with unpeeled potatoes? The best boarding schools eat potatoes cooked like that.

It is sheer fiction that the potatoes-boiled-in-their-skins dish is an inferior one. Potatoes are best that way.—J. Slater, Conway House, Conway Road, Carlton, Nottingham.

Ministry of Food should give the War Office a plain hint. Lord Woolton advises housewives not to peel potatoes. Potatoes boiled in their skins are never off the menu which the Cunard Steamship Company puts before millionaire passengers.

Bright Notion

White lines on the road have proved an immense boon in war time.

The pioneer of this idea deserves credit.

He is a Lancaster farmer who decorated the outside of his own house in this way to help the public.

His action came to the notice of the late King George V., who sent him a letter of congratulation.

The authorities adopted the idea later—but were slower to realise the possibilities in it than was the King.—E. Radcliffe, Lowerhouses Lane, Lowerhouses, near Huddersfield.

We'd like to publish name and other details about this public benefactor, who deserves to rank with old John Macadam, who gave his name to a road surface.

Tommy Has to Pay

I was dismayed to read in JOHN BULL the story of the man who had to pay away so many months of his Army pay for lost kit.

When will people realise that by buying Army material from a dishonest soldier they are heaping tragedy on the head of an honest member of His Majesty's Forces from whom the stuff has been filched?

I was offered a pair of Army boots for 10s. the other day. Another soldier asked my wife to buy a blanket for 5s.

In both cases they were told to go and give the articles back to the poor fellows from whom they had been stolen, and who would have to pay for them.—D. Howarth, New Earth Street, Oldham.

People should tell the police when offered Army material. Too often they are afraid of hurting a soldier. They are actually saving a decent soldier from hurt.

Worst Ever

The meanest thieves know that when a man joins the Army, he leaves behind something—it may only be an allotment, a few pens full of rabbits or the like—that can easily be ransacked.

On Christmas night my brother had his allotment cleared in this way. With the exception of one cockerel and a hen, all the poultry he had bought by dint of hard saving had been cleared.

It was the most thorough theft. Even the padlock was taken. There have been many other such thefts from men who are living their lives in barracks.

War gives a chance to many unscrupulous types—but to none, in my opinion, worse than this.—Edith Coe, 3, Pease Fold, High Street, Kippax, near Leeds.

Terse Truth

Our Government is always being pressed for its war aims.

Let it repeat the war aims announced by Abraham Lincoln, beyond which he refused to go.

He said:—

"We accepted this war, we did not begin it. We accepted it for an object, and when that object is accomplished the war will end. And I hope to God it will never end until that object is accomplished."—Miss S. Forrest, Maxwell Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow, S.1.

Fifty But Fit

End this age-limit nonsense!

There should be one test of whether you are able to help your country or not. It should be a *fitness* limit.

Lord Mottistone sums up the feelings of myself and thousands of others when he writes: "I have no right to preach to others when I am not taking half the risks which I have strength to bear."

Men who "feel ten years younger" are dismayed at being rejected as Unwanted when fellows younger in years but older in health and general fitness are taken.—J. H. S., 49, Crofton Road, North End, Portsmouth.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The judge said the case would have to be RETIRED."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Many hundreds of young Norwegian airmen were UNDERGROWING training in Canada."

SOUTH YORKSHIRE TIMES AND EXPRESS:—"... was admitted to the institution on October 8, suffering from the EFFORTS of a fall."

SALE AND STRETFORD GUARDIAN:—"She was charged at M—— City Police Court, on Saturday, with SHOPLIGHTING."

EVENING NEWS:—"GORILLA warfare suits them and they can live for a week on bread and olives, or cheese if they can get it."

TOOTING AND BALHAM GAZETTE:—"The boat will have an English crew except for the French mechanic in charge of the engines."

The Great Unpaid

That second-lieutenant who writes to you because he has had no pay since he was commissioned a week or so ago is surely rather impatient.

I know a Canadian R.A.F. sergeant who was commissioned on September 18 who hasn't received a penny due to him yet.

His wife and small son have been entirely dependent on the generosity of friends over here for three months.—Peggy E. Sitcomb, Chesnut Grove, Wembley, Middlesex.

Even worse cases are to be read in our files.

Can You Beat It?

There is a big tenement building in our street. For twenty weeks the occupants have been striving to find money to give the boys in the Services a good time during Christmas and New Year.

Result (all due to house parties, etc.):

	£	s.	d.
22 lads get 5s. each	5	10	0
21 lads get 10s. each	10	10	0
2 Home Guards get 5s. each ..	0	10	0
22 men get 10s. each	11	0	0
2 Home Guards get second 5s.	0	10	0
24 boys receive second pay-out of 11s.	13	4	0
3 Home Guards receive an extra 5s.	0	15	0
	£41	19	0

Can anybody beat this effort?—Mrs. Dougherty, 37, Annick Street, Glasgow, E.2.

The spirit can't be beaten. Let us hope that many streets try to beat the amount next Christmas. And why not begin now?

Where's the Logic?

I was told by the chairman of a tribunal dealing with conscientious objectors that he was confronted by a young man whose two parents had been killed by a German bomb.

This chairman asked the man whether that terrible fact had changed his convictions.

"If that airman had been a conscientious objector, my parents would have been alive," said the young man.

"But we must take things as they are," said the chairman. "It is useless to wish now that the Germans were different."

"They will always be different as long as we are content to follow their example," said the young conchie.

I hold no brief for a man who won't defend his country, but I feel, somehow, that that young man won his argument.—H. H. Newall, 5, Blakehall Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

We don't agree. Nazis don't distinguish between people who refuse to fight and people who fight and lose. Both become subject races—and we British view with horror the idea of becoming a subject race.

They're Wonderful

Yesterday I met a Spitfire pilot who had been "grounded" for a month (prohibited from flying) for a rather serious indiscretion.

He couldn't have been more upset by a sentence of six months' hard labour. His flying colleagues were just as dismayed.

You would think that any man would like a month's rest from such a hazardous life. Not so our fighter-pilots. They're wonderful.—J. S., Burgh Heath, Surrey.

"Grounding" is a form of punishment not often imposed. The mere threat of it startles a British pilot.

Cut the Profits!

No need to spend £8,000,000,000 (one amount mentioned) on rebuilding Britain after the war.

Anything from eleven to fifteen firms have to take their profit when a house is built.

Build houses for use and not for profit and that gigantic figure might well be cut by half.—A. R., Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Tax on Promotion

Few people are aware that there is now a tax on Army promotion.

It takes the form of purchase tax on the chevrons that every N.C.O. has to buy himself—at the rate of one penny per stripe.—A. C. Brown, St. Mary's Street, Bungay, Suffolk.

Wasted Experience

I was a skilled bricklayer before joining the Army. In addition to being able to set out, drain, concrete and timber, I was thoroughly qualified at demolition work and repairs.

In fifteen months—months in which there has been plenty of work for hands like mine—no use has been made of me whatsoever.

When my unit takes on demolition work in connection with raids, as it sometimes does, clerks, musicians and all sorts of other people unskilled at the work are sent to do the job.

Not once have I been called on to help—nor have the joiner, plumber, blacksmith, platelayer and riveter also to be found in my company.—Lance-Corporal W. R., "Somewhere in England."

True Till Death

We can't afford to let the gallant captains of torpedoed ships stay on their bridges until the end.

It may be a tradition, but these are days when every trained navigator is wanted. When there is no point in a skipper staying behind he should be one of the first to be removed to a place of safety.—N. C. N., Broomgrove Road, Sheffield, 10.

No written law says a skipper shall be the last to leave, and no order, written or otherwise, will make a British captain leave his ship until everybody else has gone

The Last Laugh

L. W. (Ealing).—"Coming home in a fog the other night I got bumped in a collision on the pavement and apologised profusely. But I got no reply." What do you expect from a lamp-post?

Mrs. L. (Cardiff).—"Since the war started my husband has taken more interest in his appearance, and looks ever so much smarter." See letter below

Mr. L. (Cardiff).—"When the war broke out most of our young men in the office were called up and flappers put in their place." See letter above.

S. W. (Harpenden).—"The best way to enjoy perfect health is to rise at five o'clock each morning and have a cold bath." Oh, well, what's the next best way?

W. E. (Hull).—"It is indeed very difficult to understand a woman." One reason being that she never wishes to make herself plain.

Ivy (Waltham).—"He told me that I was his idea of a wonderful girl." We trust that he is the kind who likes to drive his ideas home.

Timber Merchant (Dunstable).—"More trees are needed in this country, but how are we going to grow them?" Upwards, we expect.

A. R. (Cirencester).—"A German news agency reports that a world-famous elephant has died at Munich." No doubt that was why Goebbels recently broadcast that Goering was quite well.

N. W. (Tring).—"I regret sending an abusive letter to an editor because he said that my work was poor, as ever since he has returned all my articles." But you have at least had your own back.

G. K. (Godalming).—"My typist spends half her time making up her face." And the other half staring into a mirror to see what it looks like?

S. N. (High Wycombe).—"I have always been a strict teetotaller; so when the first-aid people made me drink a stiff brandy, you can guess what I felt like." Another?

W. T. (Coulsdon).—"When the girl got locked in one of our rooms by mistake, she passed the time by playing the piano hour after hour." You ought to have given her the right key.

Stationer (Rugby).—"Nobody seems to want to keep diaries this year." So you'll have to?

Mr. K. (Letchworth).—"I stand only five feet high so how did my wife expect me to clean the outside windows?" By taking the necessary steps, we suppose.

Postal Official (London, E.C.).—"There was no delay, because people posted their Christmas presents early this year." But, as usual, children's stockings were hung up.

S. C. (Swindon).—"I've been steadily collecting a library of books for years at practically no cost to me." Aren't you afraid of visiting friends recognising their property?

N. T. (Bourne End).—"All one has to do if one hears a bomb whistling down overhead while in the country is to lie face downwards in a ditch, and there you are." Or aren't.

Lion Tamer (Earlestown).—"When any of my charges escape, I always try to keep on the right side of them." The outside?

T. V. (Chelmsford).—"What is the advantage of a very long engagement?" A correspondingly short marriage.

L. R. (Croydon).—"When I called at your office recently I was suffering from a bad throat, and I don't know whether it was catching. Anyway, I hope I did not give it to you." No, all you gave us was a pain in the neck.

Explorer (Mayfair).—"I once ventured into a tiger's lair at night and saw several pairs of eyes glaring at me in the darkness." That's nothing. Just try entering a full railway carriage on an evening train.

Bert (Taplow).—"I was once marooned on the roof of a flooded building, but escaped." Just opened your umbrella and baled out, we suppose.

P. T. (London).—"Early on a recent morning an incendiary bomb dropped down my chimney." This never happens to us when we are trying to light the fire.

Doris (Hythe).—"I told him to stop the car three times when he attempted to kiss me." Surely stopping once would have been enough?

D. A. (Woking).—"A person who is about to be electrocuted is usually granted a last request." But we'll bet that nobody holds his hand.

Miss S. (Malvern).—"We young women of to-day expect a fellow who hints at wanting us for keeps to produce deeds rather than words." And title deeds at that, eh?

(Side-Slips: See page 17)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Shall I put some nice rich brown gravy on it, Bill?"

ZEE-KOL

(Brand)

The Only Ointment For A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

ECZEMA. "I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

ULCERS. "For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol healed it in a week."

CORNS. The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases are rapidly and completely banished. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

6d., 1/3 & 3/-

(Subject to Purchase Tax)

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO. Ltd.,

40, Bavaria Road, London, N.19

SIMPLE HOME RECIPE AGAINST COUGHS, COLDS & INFLUENZA.

For Children & Adults.

To bring relief to influenza, coughs, colds, head noises, catarrhal deafness, nothing is so effective as this simple remedy, which you can feel is doing you good from the first dose. Get from your chemist one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). This contains in concentrated form ten essential oils and extracts which are invaluable in the treatment of influenza, catarrh, colds, etc. Empty the Parmint essences into a half-pint bottle, fill with warm water sweetened by a little sugar, honey or syrup, and shake until dissolved. You will then have a full half-pint of the most powerful and efficacious medicine, so pleasant to take that even the kiddies will love it. This Parmint preparation is easy to make, and everyone liable to catarrh or having a cough or cold should try this simple recipe. Cut out this paragraph to remind you to buy an ounce bottle of Parmint (Double Strength), which makes a good half-pint of the finest medicine.

Revitalise your KIDNEYS

and you'll feel young—look young.

Nothing ages man or woman more than aches caused through bad kidney action. This makes you suffer from **Getting up Nights, Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Backache, Leg Pains, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite, Energy, etc.,** because kidneys which should filter blood fail to throw off acids and poisons, now creeping to joints and muscles. In 24 hours Cystex kills kidney germs, strengthens kidneys and expels acids and poisons. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 3/- and 6/- (plus Tax) on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

For Kidneys, Rheumatism

'Phosferine soon bucks me up'

WRITES MR. A. J. WALKER

"Phosferine has been my 'pick-up' whenever I have felt below normal. I usually take the tablets, which soon buck me up. As Manager and Secretary of an old established business, together with my work as a local Administrator during the past 15 years, and particularly in these days of war worry, I find I need a tonic—and my tonic is Phosferine."

The very first dose of Phosferine starts the famous tonic action. Within 15 minutes you begin to derive benefit.

PHOSFERINE *(Tablets or Liquid)*, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8, *(Including Purchase Tax)*

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

(Brand)

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

DON'T LEAVE YOUR

LUNGS IN PERIL

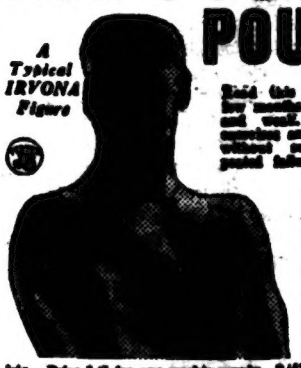
EVERY time you cough you are being warned of danger in your lungs. Every time you cough you are actually trying to get rid of germ-laden phlegm and mucus which is clogging up air passages and spreading trouble in your breathing organs.

Get rid of the danger NOW! Don't wait for damp winter and chilly foggy days to make matters worse. Take **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** This unfailing remedy relieves like lightning. The coughing stops. You breathe easily. Your chest and lungs have new freedom. In fact this famous family remedy is so beneficial that it carries this unchallengeable guarantee:—

Get your bottle of **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** Take as directed. If you are not satisfied with results, return empty carton to Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, and your money will be refunded in full. 1.5 & 3/5 per bottle, *(Including Purchase Tax.)*

HOW I PUT ON POUNDS

A Typical IRVONA Figure



Read this letter:—"Until a few months ago I was weary and weak. I tried doctors, specialists and patent foods, but without success. After reading a friend's letter I tried Irvona and the result was astounding. In a month I put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a sickly, weakling to a well-formed being half of energy and vitality." "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists, Price 1/6 for one week's supply 5/6 for 3 weeks (including Purchase Tax), or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:—

IRVONA (Dept. 125), 1 GREGGE STREET, LONDON, W. 1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

"Bullets New Year begins with a BANG

1ST PRIZE DOUBLED £200

ONE WEEK ONLY!

MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT for 2 3 or 4 WORDS!

100 NEW Prizes of 3/6 CASH

REMEMBER YOU CAN ENTER right up to LAST POSTAL COLLECTION - MONDAY - JAN. 20

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,252
L. C. ANDERSON, 6, Gurney Road, Portland, Middx.
Example: THE PEOPLE'S COURAGE
Bullet: HIGH? IT'S HITLER'S "MOUNTAIN"!

£10 Second Prize: G. Jackaman, 218, Salisbridge Road, Upper Holloway, N.
Example: The New Britain
Bullet: "Richer," With Fairer Ways.

£5 Third Prize: E. Victor, 17, Romsleigh Av., Levenshulme.
Example: Worries
Bullet: Only "Pyramids" Shoulder's Getting!

20s.: F. Baylis, 6, Broome Lane, Swindon.
Not To Be Had—"Bought," Or "Sold"—Britain.

20s.: G. A. Green, 4, Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.
Worries—"Ship Of" Spirits Shoulders.

20s.: Pilot Officer G. H. Galloway, R.A.F.V.R., 4, Highfields, Saffron Walden.
Village Siren—Wood, Celebrating Our Bomb!

20s.: T. Menzies, 28, Hamilcare Road, London, S.E.
Crushing Britain—Hang Together! Good Enter!

20s.: Trooper E. Taunton, c/o Regtl. Ord. Room, 57th Heavy Training Regt., R.A.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
(Entered on Prize Coupon.)
Puzzle for Reader—Nothing Still Full Beg.

20s.: J. S. Reid, 29, Giffnock Park Avenue, Giffnock.
In Sonny's Keyhood—Stone Shields—Explain Shields.

20s.: J. R. Carver, Fordoun, Kincardineshire.
After Hitler—Helps Shoulder, Essential "Helpers."

20s.: T. Jackson, 61, Kemp Street, Fleetwood, Lancs.
Village Siren—Worrying Often, Sick Gone!

20s.: A. Booth, 19, Berry Lane, Longridge, Lancs.
The New Britain—Stone Them "Bombs" Cinemas.

20s.: F. L. Gatenby, 247, Liverpool Road, Cadishead, M/c.
De Valera—Idle "Fingering" Favours U-Boats.

20s.: F. Leggett, 3, Dickens Terrace, Walmscott, Rochester.
Out Of The Way—To Help, Your Help.

20s.: L. S. Topham, 42, Hands Road, Sheffield.
Profiteering—Same, "Slave Up Sixpence."

List of 25 winners of Hampers can be seen at these offices. The 20 £1 Bonuses, 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

THIS WAY TO WIN!

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet!* See that your words are apt and to the point and you will be well on the way to a prize.

The latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left clearly show that only a few simple words are needed. Make a start on your winning efforts right away—one of them may well bring you that splendid £200 Doubled First Prize!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

COME ALONG, HITLER
BRITAIN'S JOB
CURSE OF CIVILISATION
THE ITALIANS
DOING WITHOUT
GENEROSITY
ODDS NOTHING
BOMBED
WORKING LIKE MAD
HE'S A HUSTLER, SO
IN A HOLE
TO THE END
LIKE A WHIRLWIND
MILK
IF THE NAZIS LAND
PRISONERS
WHEN WE'VE WON
BULLYING
CUSHY JOB
IN THE HOME GUARD

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Gap In Our	Do Your.....And
In A Little	..... Money-
Keeps .....Awake	..... Victory

20 BONUSES each value £1 for the 20 entrants whose sets of SIX *Bullets* on one coupon show most all-round merit.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

Address .....

1,256 NEW Closing Postmark, MON., JAN. 20.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin. ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,500-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name.....

Address.....

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STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, fitness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co.), write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed by Service rank in full. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right—not envelope—on plain paper equally eligible—same rates of entry-fee.

ENTRY-FEE: Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 2 *Bullets*. Pay for 4, get 2 FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY! "Bullets" No. 1,256, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT NEW PRESENTATION TO ITS READERS

HOW IT IS MADE

OVER 700 DRAWINGS DIAGRAMS & PHOTOGRAPHS

AMAZING NEW WORK — THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND

THIS week "John Bull" realising the great practical value and fascination to everyone of seeing how bombers are made, how ships, roads, railways, flues, cars, etc. are constructed, invites every reader to accept an entirely new Presentation—a work never before published—"HOW IT IS MADE." Here in 320 big pages, over 100,000 words and more than 700 explanatory photographs, drawings and diagrams, are revealed hundreds and hundreds of interesting facts about miracles of engineering and mechanics, science and building—from a giant ocean liner to a gelle valve, from a bomber to a gramophone record. You would consider a work of such great interest and educational value a bargain at £1 1s; yet, "John Bull" makes it available to prompt applicants at an amazingly low privilege price. Supplies are strictly limited. All applications must be dealt with in strict rotation. You send no money now for this book, but you must apply at once on the Order Label on the right below.

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Look below at just a few of the subjects dealt with. The actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide. It is bound in Blue Morocco-grained Cloth with title embossed on the spine in gold.

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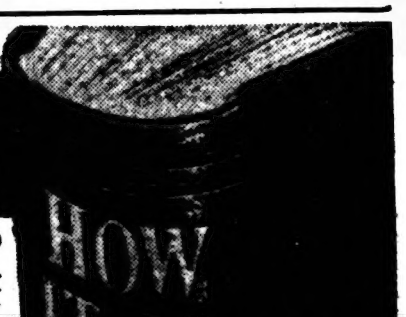

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SEE HOW ELECTRICITY ... SEE HOW NEWSPAPERS ARE MADE — SEE HOW CARS ARE MADE

SEE HOW AIR ... SEE HOW RAILWAYS ARE MADE — SEE HOW TALKIES ARE MADE

"HOW IT IS MADE"

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

A PENNY STAMP MUST be affixed here by you. Write in BLOCK LETTERS.

Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.S.1. 11/1/41.

Why not be SLIM & Really FIT in 1941

EVERY woman wants to look better, feel better and have a slim figure in the year ahead.

Slenderness is the way to perfect health and fitness. A couple of Bile Beans taken regularly enables you to 'slim while you sleep'—surely and safely.

These fine vegetable pills do more than disperse unwanted fat—they purify and enrich the blood, tone up the entire system and improve your health and your spirits and vitality.

So if you want to be healthily slim and keep gloriously fit in 1941, remember to take Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

"At the beginning of last year I resolved to take Bile Beans every night. I never made a better resolution. I now possess a slim figure, a clear skin and radiant health. I intend keeping to the same resolution again for another year of perfect health."—Mrs. J. M., Lincoln.

★ ★ ★

"I have girl friends who, to avoid putting on weight, do without many things they would like to eat. I follow the simpler and safer method. Nightly Bile Beans keep me in splendid health and my figure slim and attractive."—Miss K. S., London, S.W.1.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

War-Time Duties Won't

MAKE YOUR FEET ACHE

IF YOU RUB THEM WITH ZAM-BUK

THESE are strenuous times for the feet. In the armed forces, with the A.R.P., on munitions and other National Services, millions of men and women are on their feet for longer hours than ever before.

But your feet won't ache or let you down if you make a habit of treating them regularly with Zam-Buk herbal ointment.

The refined medicinal oils from which Zam-Buk is prepared are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus Zam-Buk causes aching, soreness, and swelling to vanish like magic, it heals chafing and blisters, and brings corns out, root and all. (Before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water, if at all possible.)

Keep Zam-Buk handy, too, for the quick, clean healing of Cuts, Bruises, Scalds and other Injuries. Also supreme remedy for Eczema, Psoriasis, Pimples, Rashes, Impetigo, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Cold Sores, Poisoned Wounds, Bad Legs, Scalp Troubles, etc. Get a box of Zam-Buk from your chemist to-day!

7d., 1/2 and 3/8 (Including Purchase Tax)

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment

"A Pepe Forest in Every Home."

FOR these danger months always rely on Pepe. When you go out into chilly night air, or into the shelter, slip a Pepe into your mouth.

As a Pepe dissolves, soothing, warming and infection-killing fumes bathe the throat, chest and lungs, keeping you free from coughs, colds, sore throat, and bronchitis.

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